

THE DEVIL IS MAKING CITY

魔王様の街づくり!

～最強のダンジョン
は近代都市～

著 月夜 涙
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The Demon Lord's building a city! - Volume 2: [Avalon], the city of Creation

Written by Tsukiyo Rui Translated by rpgnovels

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Prologue: The things that has changed

A day has passed since the end of the [Evening Party] and our return to Marcho's dungeon.

I had intruded upon Marcho's room to question her.

"Well then, Marcho, mind explaining yourself? Just who the heck is this [Creation] Demon Lord Lolicell?"

Marcho was a brown-skinned beauty with white hair as well as a wolf's ears and tail.

Such was Marcho or rather the [Beast] Demon Lord Marchosias.

Of all the things, she had spread that preposterous name at the [Evening Party] where all the Demon Lords assembled.

She was slightly flustered upon hearing me.

"I had no other choice."

Marcho told me so, albeit slightly awkwardly.

[Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and I had participated in a simplified [War] during the party. I emerged the victor and a celebration was held shortly afterwards.

The other Demon Lords congratulated and praised me.

It was all good until then but for some reason, the Demon Lords kept calling

me by a rather rude name: Lolicell.

I am the [Creation] Demon Lord Procell. Never had my name been that vulgar name.

Did she had any idea how much trouble I went through to correct them?

“Mind telling me how you had no other choice?”

“No, well you see, you were revealing a lot of your cards, right? So naturally, the Demon Lords began analyzing them. It would have been fine if each of them just did so separately but then, they looked like they were gonna discuss it with each other. If they did that, your weak points would have been exposed to every Demon Lord in there. The new Demon Lords might have even formed an alliance to oppose you.”

Well, that might have been so.

Such were the disadvantages of being watched.

That was why I had decided beforehand the extent of what I was willing to reveal.

I was about to use the trump card I wasn't supposed to reveal in order to defeat the Emerald Dragon that Stolas took out by the end of the war but thanks to the efforts done by a fox-eared-and-tailed beautiful girl, a Celestial Fox named Kuina, I was able to avoid such.

Nevertheless, it couldn't have been anything good if a great number of Demon Lords shared their analysis of the things I deemed alright to show amongst themselves.

“Okay, but what does any of that have to do with the name Lolicell?”

“I should change the topic even if by only a little, I thought. The scene where you were hugging Tenko and Elder Dwarf was being played so I thought I'll turn

their attention to this scene.... Maybe it was because the two of them were so cute but they fell for it more than I expected. And then they got so into Lolicell. It was awful. I'm reflecting on it."

With a look of discomfort on her face, she slightly bowed.

It didn't seem to be an act.

The fact that she didn't mean ill by it made it difficult to reprimand her.

"Alright, I see there really was no other choice."

Besides, being referred to as Lolicell was provoked by some of my own actions.

For some reason, majority of the monsters I had created were adorable little girls.

By no means was I aiming for such, it just naturally became like that.

But I am hoping to clear these misgivings with the monster I'm going to make next.

"So, you're forgiving me? Thanks. As expected of the child I'm proud of."

"It's for the best. I'll soon make my own dungeon so I'd rather not be at odds with you while we're apart."

Marcho had taken good care of me all this while. I owed her for a great deal of things, both tangible and not.

The other part of my statement concerned the crystal in my possession which was given to me during the [Evening Party]. Just by grasping it tightly and uttering a few words of power, my dungeon would be built.

Before long, I would be leaving Marcho's dungeon and build my own.

"My heart skipped a beat. You have already become a man without my knowledge, Procell."

"Yeah, yeah. I'll be leaving now."

"Ah, that's right. Shall I make it up to you right now?"

"Make it up to me?"

"Don't you want to embrace me? Here, let me show you the charms of an adult woman's body."

Marcho pushed her breasts in closer together and a bountiful valley was revealed.

Marcho was an extraordinarily beautiful woman. Her style was outstanding as well. Along with some hints of seductiveness.

I gulped down my own saliva.

I wondered how good it might feel if I embrace her.

"I must refuse. I don't want to be in that sort of relationship with you."

But I reluctantly turned down her offer.

"Is that so? What a shame. I wanted your very essence to be etched into my body and, before I disappear, I wanted mine to be etched into your memories. Not much time is left on me, you know."

Marcho made a sad face as she floated a smile.

Demon Lords cease to exist 300 years after their birth and based on the story I heard from her, she had about 9 months left before her demise.

“.....do you do that kind of thing with anyone?”

I wanted to hear her answer so badly.

It wasn't for any simple curiosity either; a pain in my chest demanded I ask her so.

“Not at all. I'll only offer myself to a man I have approved of. Well, just tell me if you ever change your mind, okay? Onee-chan has a lot she can teach you.”

“Yeah, if.”

“I'll be waiting with no expectations, then. Anyway, about that additional reward you got from the Creator, you better think carefully on how you use it. If you use it willy-nilly, it will be your downfall. That thing's surely fascinating but it's far more dangerous than you might think. That person is awful; toying with Demon Lords as he wishes.”

“Thanks for the advice. Also, your other offer aside, I'll always be happy to spend time with you for tea.”

The thing Marcho was talking about was the additional reward given to me and [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas by the Creator for entertaining them more than expected in the held [War]. As far as I saw it, I felt it gave nothing but advantages but if she went so far to say something like that, then there must really be something about it. I must use it with care.

And thus, our conversation concluded.

I was transferred back by the Succubus to the neighborhood Marcho lent me.



“It has gotten very cramped in here, hasn’t it?”

I muttered so when I returned to the space that was lent to us.

“As per Master’s instructions, I have continued to increase the amount of Golems each day.”

“My lord, it’s because I had considerably increased my subordinates during the previous war.”

Such were the replies given to me by the beautiful silver-haired pre-pubescent girl, Elder Dwarf, and Wight, the Skeleton dressed in a robe that looked like it belong to a noble.

In the space lent to us were countless Golems and Undead monsters.

The Golems varied by the materials they were made of: Mithril, Silver, Iron and many others.

As for the Undead monsters, 20 were the humanoid Skeletons. In addition to them were the 10 flying-type monsters acquired during the previous [War].

The new dungeon I’m going to build now needed to be spacious enough to house all of them.

“Ah! Oto-san, welcome back!”

“Yeah, nice to be back, Kuina.”

One other fellow resided here. The fox-eared girl Kuina.

After she appeared, she went to hug my right arm as she normally does.

“How’s your new gun?”

“It’s great. As expected of El-chan.”

Kuina’s gun got broken during the previous battle. It had been repaired thanks to the powers of the [Time] Demon Lord but Elder Dwarf, unable to bear the fact that the gun she developed was broken, hurriedly made improvements on it.

And in that regard, a new name was given to the gun.

Now far different from its base design, the Remilton M870P, it no longer seemed appropriate to call it a Remilton (Custom).

The Curtana EDS-02

Total length: 1040 mm

Weight: 3.3 Kg

Caliber: 4 gauge

Magazine capacity: 4 rounds

Such was the shotgun’s new name.

The S which stood for Shotgun now came after ED. It was easier to understand and thus Elder Dwarf adopted it.

By the way, an assault rifle would be named EDAR-0X.

“El-chan, can I fire this one fully automatically all I want?”

“It’s still not possible. In order for it to do so, a technological innovation of some kind or an enhancement of my own support magic is needed. I’m working

hard on both areas.”

Elder dwarf ground her teeth in vexation.

She might be able to do it if I promoted her to be one of my [Monsters of the Covenant].

But Elder Dwarf was looking for a moment like when Tenko became Kuina, under the impression I wanted to name her during such an eventful scenario.

Well, just a little bit more and it'll come.

“Then, Kuina, Elder Dwarf, let's go make the new monster.”

“Yay ♪! This'll be fun!”

“I also want it to be a girl, a little sister. A cute one too.”

The both of them said so, pleased.

And now, I'll begin.

The [Synthesis] of the third candidate to be my [Monster of the Covenant], that is.

Someone that walks alongside the wind, rules over nature, and is the personification of a planet.

Chapter 1: Ancient Elf

We went outside to do a [Synthesis].

And as though it was perfectly natural, Marcho was also there. The same elegant table set from before was set up and she was enjoying the tea served by the Succubus.

“Heya, Procell. Nice to see you.”

Marcho said so in a subtly cute intonation.

She was behaving as though nothing had happened earlier.

“Whatever. Do what you want.”

After I laughed weakly, I began consolidating my thoughts.

My monsters were also with me. Kuina and Elder Dwarf in particular had a look on their faces that seemed to say they wanted to be a part in the birth of their new companion.

In my hand was the medal I received from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas, the [Wind] original medal.

<<[Wind] medal. A rank. Bestows the ability to manipulate the wind to the created monster. Greatly enhances Agility. Grants minor enhancements to all other stats.>>^[1]

It was a strong medal.

The [Person] imitation medal and my very own [Creation] medal were also in my hand.

<<[Creation] medal. A rank. Enables the synthesis of monsters using the [Creation] medal and two other medals (an original medal is required). It's possible to transform the attribute of this medal to one that the maker desires and to then synthesize it. Additionally, the outcome is chosen from all the possible outcomes. ※An attribute that has once been transformed into can never again be selected.>>

I chose [Person] because what I sought most from my [Monsters of the Covenant] was a bond. I wanted a being close to my own. I wanted someone to talk and laugh with. And for those reasons, all of the monsters I had created were highly intelligent and able to communicate. This was made possible thanks to the [Person] attribute I used in their Synthesis.

However, those wishes were only a priority for the candidates to be my [Monsters of the Covenant].

I intended to make [Creation] transform into [Planet] this time.

[Planet] gave the ability to rule over nature. This ability was strong all by itself.

As far as the story I heard from Marcho went, I would be able to make the exact monster I was wishing for if I used this attribute.

And so, the three medals, [Wind], [Person] and Creation, were in my hand.

I grasped them firmly and began.

“[Synthesis]”

Light rose from my clenched fist.

When I opened it, the light leaked out. From within the light, a silhouette was formed.

The [Wind] original medal and the [Person] imitation medal fused and became one, setting the direction the Synthesis would take.

From then on, [Creation]'s abilities came to play.

I wished for [Planet], the power to rule over nature.

I wished for someone ancient. For someone that walked alongside the wind.

For someone that conversed with everything: the earth and each tree, with the seas and oceans, and with the great sky above.

For the monster I was wishing for, the powers of [Wind] and [Person] alone weren't enough so I added in the powers of [Planet] and gave the monster more power and wisdom.

Led astray by its own overwhelming power, I guided it back to the direction I wished for it take.

I then chose possibility for it to be an S rank.

Afterwards, I chose it to be able to grow instead of having a static level. By doing so, the monster's maximum level was increased and thus made the monster stronger upon reaching that level.^[3]

And so, it was all ready.

All that was needed was to wait for it to be born.

The silhouette within the light became darker.

I then heard the beating of its heart.

The light ceased and the new monster was born.



“Nice to meet you, my master.”^[3]

The newly born monster was a young woman slightly older than Tenko. I estimated her to be at around 14 years of age.

She had soft blonde hair and a gentle smile. A feature unique to her though was her out of this world [Jade Eyes].

She also had a fiendish thing none of my previous monsters had.

Yes, she was a so-called busty loli.

The white dress she wore emphasized its existence further.

By the way, her ears were long.

“Nice to meet you too. I am [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, the Demon Lord that created you. Sorry for asking this right away but will you please tell me of your race.”

I asked her the usual question and she responded.

“I am a person of the olden days. The personification of the planet that walks alongside the wind..... I am an elf of the highest order; I am an Ancient Elf. I’ll be in your care.”

The Ancient Elf bowed gracefully.

She was exactly the monster I wished for: someone who specialized in controlling nature.

Such a monster was necessary in building my new town. Like for when the citizens would be moving in, they’d need fertile lands and be provided with some immediate food supply. With her help, such tasks would be easy.

“I am as well. I’ll be counting on you.”

“Please do, my master. I hope I can live up to your expectations.”

We firmly shook hands.

She was a frank and good mannered child.

Kuina then trotted near us, her fox tail swinging. She must have been pleased with the birth of her new little sister.

“Ancient Elf’s too long so I’ll be calling you Elf-chan. Nice to meet you! I’m Kuina, Oto-san’s [Monster of the Covenant]. I’m in charge next to Oto-san. I’m the older sister so the little sister Elf-chan better listen whatever Kuina says.”

Kuina, with a satisfied look on her face, uttered things similar to what she said to Elder Dwarf back when they first met.

She had unexpectedly taken good care of Elder Dwarf and she would probably do the same to Ancient Elf.

However, Ancient Elf only stared blankly at her.

“Wha-what’s wrong?”

Kuina looked in wonder at Ancient Elf.

“KA!”

Ancient Elf looked back at Kuina with eyes like that of a dreaming young woman.

“So cute! What is this child? So small but calls herself the older sister. Kya— Kya— KYA—”

“Sto-stop it! It hurts!”

Ancient Elf hugged Tenko tightly.

Her ample breasts buried Kuina’s face deep within them.

Gasping for breath, Kuina struggled to break free.

“Ahh, so tiny, so warm, and smells so good. Plus, this fluffy tail, I can’t stand it anymore, I’ll hug it tightly. Oh my, did you just twitch? Did it feel good here? Ah, that’s a cute reaction. It feels good here, doesn’t it, Kuina-chan?”

“Stop it, my tail’s sensitive. If you touch it like that, stop, stop it. Nn, you’re making me feel weird.”

“Then, how about here? Your cute fox ears too, rubbing it’s the best too.”

“Sto—, sto—, I’m weak behind the ears!”

Kuina was completely played around with.

A few minutes later, by the time she was finally released, Kuina fell down, her eyes vacant. On the other hand, Ancient Elf’s skin glowed.

“Kuina-chan, let’s play again later.”

“No! I forbid Elf-chan to ever come near Kuina again!”

I then felt a presence behind me and when I looked, Elder Dwarf was there. She watched Kuina’s suffering and became frightened of Ancient Elf.

Well, I understood how she felt.

“That silver child over there’s cute too. Come here, I’ll make you feel good too.”

“Master, help. This one’s scary.”

It seemed like Elder Dwarf seriously disliked the offer given to her.

And before I was aware of it, the presence behind me had increased to two. It would seem Kuina was going to hide there until she had recovered.

I couldn’t help but smile wryly.

“Ancient Elf, I understand your desire to express your fondness to these children but you better do so moderately. Otherwise, you will be disliked.”

“Certainly, master. I apologize.”

Ancient Elf replied so and then beckoned to Kuina and Elder Dwarf, all while saying *don't be afraid, don't be afraid*.

She had a rather good personality.

“As expected of you, Procell. I've already thought you're doing it on purpose but you've made another... outrageous monster once again.”

As she elegantly sipped her black tea, Marcho expressed her astonishment with words that hid other meanings beneath them.

I was unable to talk back though and that frustrated me further. But I will still maintain my stance until the very end that all of it was by chance and never had I ever aimed to make a young girl.

The girl, although problematic in various ways, had abilities that pleased me.

Race: Ancient Elf

S Rank

Name: Unnamed

Level: 1

Physical Strength: B

Endurance: C+

Agility: A+

Magic Power: S

Luck: A+

Special: S++

Skills:

Jade Eyes

Ruler of the Wind

Personification of the Planet

Divine Protection

Shooter of Magical Bullets

Her stats fell behind Elder Dwarf's, nevermind Tenko's. Each skill of hers, however, was wonderful.

Jade Eyes: Sees through all the secrets of magic. Its lower ranked skills, clairvoyance, spirit vision, and X-ray vision are incorporated into this skill.

Personification of the Planet: Enables the use of all magic attributes except for fire. If the corresponding attribute is within the surrounding, receive an enhancement (Large). Allows the user to be synchronized with the spirits of the dead.

Divine Protection: Enhances all stats (Medium). Revives the user upon death but the skill is consequently lost.

Ruler of the Wind: Highest Order Wind-type Skill. Gives the maximum enhancement to Wind attribute magics.

Shooter of Magical Bullets: Enhances the power and the accuracy of all offensive projectiles (Large)

It indeed thoroughly pleased me.

I couldn't believe such power lied underneath this busty young woman.

One thing troubled me though: she had so much powerful skills but her Special stat stopped only at S++ whereas Kuina's, a Celestial Fox, went as far EX.

Even as Kuina was currently, I still couldn't believe Ancient Elf was inferior to her in that regard. There was probably something hidden that even I or the person herself couldn't see.

"My master, what should I do for the moment?"

"Oh yeah, I do want to see Ancient Elf's abilities in action but first, let's start at which weapon suits you the best. Kuina, Elder Dwarf, would you go as well?"

"Certainly, my master."

"...understood."

"Roger, master."

And so, we headed towards the shooting range recently provided to us by Marcho.

I wonder which kind of rifle would better suit her skills.

I also thought I had to do something about the two hiding behind me in their fear of Ancient Elf.

Chapter 2: Anti-materiel rifle

The Ancient Elf was just born.

We—comprised of Kuina the Celestial Fox, Elder Dwarf, Ancient Elf, and myself—were currently conducting an experiment at an open grass-covered field somewhere in Marcho's dungeon.

The objective of which was to find a suitable weapon for Ancient Elf.

Tenko preferred close range combat so she chose the shotgun while Elder Dwarf chose the assault rifle, prioritizing providing support fire from any distance.

Elder Dwarf still hasn't settled on any particular fighting style yet so she has to try out different kinds of weapons.

Although slightly wary of their new little sister, Kuina and Elder Dwarf managed, for the moment, to properly talk to her.

"Kuina's recommendation is, of course, the shotgun. The feeling of diving in range of your enemy and one-shot killing them with a boom really is something."

Despite being slightly scared, Kuina was still able to properly play her part as the elder sister.

As expected of my [Monster of the Covenant].

"Thanks Kuina-chan but I feel like it won't suit me. Firstly since my defense

worries me. Additionally, my attacks won't miss my targets even from far away anyway."

It was exactly as she said. She had the strongest eye skill, the Jade Eyes, coupled with another skill, the Shooter of Magical Projectiles.

She didn't need to deliberately put herself in danger.

"Then, I'll recommend the assault rifle. Its clip size is great, it's highly accurate even from far away, and it's easy to use. It has enough firepower too, if using the 7.62mm bullets. Above all else, the feeling of stability it gives is outstanding."

Next was Elder Dwarf's recommendation of the assault rifle.

Just like she said, its sense of stability was outstanding. When going for safety, it was the way to go.

"I agree that it certainly is a great weapon but it's still a little lacking. I'd like something like this but with a bit more punch. Isn't there a weapon that you can use from far away but still as powerful as the shotgun?"

A weapon that had shotgun-class firepower even from far away... there was only thing that came to mind.

But it wasn't like that was something one usually carried around.

Oh well, it was a good opportunity to try it out.

"Ancient Elf, I'll be taking out a new weapon out now. Try it out. [Creation]."

I created the weapon using my own ability.

Each Demon Lord had their own Unique Skill and mine was [Creation] which

was:

<<It materializes certain things from your memories. However, things having a trace of magical power as well as living things cannot be materialized. The consumption of MP is a tenth of the weight of the materialized object in grams.>>

Thanks to it, I was able to materialize all sorts of things.

I might have lost my memory but the ones about weapons remained.

“As you can see, it’s a fairly big weapon but, well, just try it out for the meantime.”

The weapon I created was an anti-materiel rifle.

It was a really large rifle intended for super-long-distanced shooting as well as for penetrating deeply into one’s target.

It was longer, bigger, and heavier than ordinary rifles. Its recoil was more intense too.

And distinguishing itself even from among those of its kind was the Pallet ML82A1.

[Pallet ML82A1](#)

Overall length: 1450 mm

Weight: 14.0 Kg

Magazine capacity: 11 rounds

Caliber: 12.7 mm x 99

Muzzle velocity: 853 m/s

Effective range: 2,000 meters

The caliber it used was the same as the ones used for the Mithril Golems' heavy machine guns: the .50 caliber.

It weighed, however, at one third the weight of those heavy machine guns; just barely light enough to be carried. It was a beast with nearly twice as much weight and length as that of Elder Dwarf's favorite MK417.

It was unable to shoot fully automatically but due to its semi-automatic feature, it could still somehow do a rapid-fire shooting.

"It's fantastic! So sturdy and impressive. May I use it?"

"Do you know how to?"

"I more or less know how to use weapons that attack from range."

It was most probably an effect of her Shooter of Magical Projectiles skill.

There was none more capable to her when it came to long-ranged weapons.

"This feels nice. I might be able to do it with this."

She said so as she licked her lower lip, her tongue still stuck out.

"There's some nice pebble three kilometers away so I'll try firing at them."

"Will you use the gun's legs or will you shoot standing up?"

"I'll manage by myself."

The anti-materiel rifle which had a length of 1450 mm originally used two legs so that it may be easily fired as one laid on the ground.

Without them, one would be hard pressed to aim due to the gun's excessive length and weight.

Ancient Elf chose not to use the gun's legs and instead was aiming as she stood. Despite that, however, her gun was steady.

Such wasn't due to her physical strength alone; she was also using the wind to support herself. What a convenient ability that was.

I produced a pair of binoculars using my [Creation] and checked the target she was aiming at.

"Here I go!"

She pulled the trigger and an explosive sound was heard.

The intensity of the 12.77 mm bullet was indeed different.

The bullet then easily smashed the target 3 kilometers ahead.

At the same time the bullet was released though, I sensed wind magic power.

Indeed, the shooter of magical projectiles.

"Ancient Elf, that bullet was kinda weird, wasn't it? It was more like it accelerated further than be impeded by the air resistance."

"Ah, I get what you mean. I borrowed the wind's powers. I asked it not to get in the way of that little one and instead help it a little."

What an unfair ability.

Normally, the faster an object went, the more wind resistance it met. Furthermore, the greater the distance was, the greater the wind's effects were.

And yet, Ancient Elf nullified those and even turned it into an advantage.

There probably wasn't any monster more suited to long-distance shooting

than she was.

It was also likely that she used the wind to help cushion the recoil. Otherwise, she would have felt pain from the intense recoil.

“You did better than expected. You’ll be using that weapon from now on, Ancient Elf.”

If she could use the difficult-to-handle Pallet ML82A1 that easily, there wouldn’t be any problems rising up any time soon, hopefully.

I needed to prepare a secondary weapon for her though, in the event that her enemy had managed to shorten the distance between.

As I was thinking of such, Elder Dwarf approached.

She spoke in a rather timid manner.

“Elf, if it would please you, I can increase that gun’s firepower for you. I can also give you bullets like the ones the Mithril Golems use for their heavy machineguns. Just by replacing its materials alone, its strength will increase. It won’t take much time either.”

“El-chan, that’s amazing! You’re so cute but you’re also so smart. For sure, please do so! If you could do that, the bullets will follow a smoother trajectory and then fly far far away.”

Was this one a certain kind of long-range shooting enthusiast?

Well no matter, Ancient Elf’s weapon had now been decided.

“Which reminds me, have you remodeled your own weapon, Elder Dwarf?”

I had been slightly wondering about it. I knew that, until recently, remodeling

Kuina's shotgun had taken up most of her time but at the moment, she should have had enough to improve her own weapon.

"It's still on the planning stage. I'm aiming for it to have both accuracy and firepower without sacrificing its ease of use. For now though, there's no way to make sure it won't break after raising its power to be like their weapons."

I see, do your best then, I thought, I'm looking forward to it.

Perhaps the results of her work would bring about a technological breakthrough.



Afterwards, we spent a bit more time target shooting.

I was especially surprised by the mid-air shooting Ancient Elf did. She precisely shot her targets as she swiftly flew using wind magic. No doubt that would become a considerable tactical advantage.

"Oh yeah, I forgot to mention it but we will be going to a human town tomorrow."

I informed them so as we were on our way back. And the moment I did so, each of them was surprised in their own unique way.

Actually, I had already decided on doing so for some time ago.

In order to attract humans into my town, I first had to know one.

And so, I'll go to a human town and see lots of things.

Chapter 3: Air trip and the Demon Lord's town

We left the dungeon after talking with Marcho.

Accompanying me was Kuina, my [Monster of the Covenant], along with the other two candidates, Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf. Gryphon was with us, too.

Wight was left behind to attend to some important tasks I had assigned to him together with the Dwarf Smiths, and the Skeletons.

Marcho had taught us about a place that satisfied the condition of being near both a large town and a popular dungeon.

The four of us wore human clothes Marcho bought from a human town. I didn't know much about this world's clothing but the ones we wore felt like clothes of considerable quality.

It would seem Demon Lords with too much free time would sometimes go visit human towns and thus had human clothes prepared.

The clothes we wore were just at right size too. I and Ancient Elf wore clothes for people on the middle of their teens while the other two wore clothes for people on the first half of their teens.

The clothes' sizes definitely weren't for Marcho though. My clothes weren't even for a girl and that bothered me a little.

"Oto-san, the wind feels nice!"

"Master's back, so big. So comforting."

“Yeah, it does feel so nice.”

At the moment, I was riding on the Gryphon as it flew.

There was still some distance away from our destination.

I was gripping on the Gryphon’s bridle while Kuina was sitting in-between me and the Gryphon. Meanwhile, Elder Dwarf was clinging to me from behind.

It smelled nice and felt soft and warm.

Being sandwiched by my beloved girls definitely was wonderful. It was the best.

“Yeah, I bet it feels good there.”

“Come on now, you know I also want you to be here with us but Gryphon could only carry a maximum of three people.”

Flying next to us was Ancient Elf.

She was able to control the wind and thus make herself fly. Her speed was nothing to write-off either; she could overtake the Gryphon as it flew at its top speed, all while humming a tune.

She—when performing some long distance sniping with her anti-materiel rifle while flying in the sky at full speed—arguably boasted the highest combat prowess among my monsters.

“I know but... Ei! ♪”

Just when I thought she flew higher, I felt something against the back of both my head and body. Yes, it was her ample bosoms that pressed against me.

“There should be no problem if we’re like this. Kuina-chan has taken the front

while El-chan has taken the back so this'll be my place. Fufufu, a privilege only for me who's flying."

Careful not to burden the Griffon, she flew as she pressed her body on mine.

It was dangerous so I wanted to scold her, I really did, but I also wanted to enjoy that soft and warm feeling.

"Oto-san, you're making a weird face."

"Master's so dirty."

The coldness in their voices somehow snapped me back.

That was dangerous. A little bit more and I might not have been able to snap out of it.

"Ancient Elf, this is dangerous so let go. If you want to cling on to me like this, you may do so as much as you want once we're on the ground."

"I'm sorry, my master. I'll have my fun later, then."

"Uhh, foolish Oto-san."

Kuina glared at me with scornful eyes. Maybe she thought I'll be taken away from her.

Ancient Elf then spoke as she giggled and laughed at Kuina.

"If you let me hug you, I'll stop being so near master. What do you say?"

"Ugggghhhh, uggghhhh. Do what you want with me, Elf-chan, just get away from Oto-san."

It would seem her desire to monopolize me won over her wariness of Ancient Elf.

Ancient Elf laughed, thoroughly enjoying Kuina's response. I guess she really liked Kuina a lot.

Being like this, we covered a great deal of distance.

"We're gonna arrive soon."

"Oto-san, why are we purposefully visiting a human town?"

"Because it's important for us to know how we can lure the humans into a Demon Lord's dungeon. In order to do so, we have to know in much detail what kind of creatures humans are. It won't be easy and the first steps are always the hardest. Not to mention, I'm trying to build a town with lots humans living in it so it's that much harder."

"That sounds so exciting, Oto-san!"

Kuina looked at me with sparkling eyes as her fox ears twitched.

She seemed more than interested so I decided to continue talking about it some more.

"Do you know what this is?"

I took out a transparent and round object.

"Hmm, no, I don't but maybe El-chan does."

"Is that perhaps the heart of a dungeon? The thing a dungeon is built around?"

"That's right."

I smiled at the answer. What I held was the one given to me on the [Evening Party]: a crystal.

“If I hold it tightly and then utter some words of power, a dungeon can be built.”

As I said so, the eyes of both Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf sparkled as well.

“We can have a new home!”

“Master, I want the dungeon to have a mine please.”

“A fertile field for me too.”

My monsters conveyed each of their requests.

So far, their requests seemed achievable.

“Deciding the kind of dungeon ours is going to be might be important but since we can’t move it once it’s built, I wanted us to first have a look at the place then decide. So we’ll be doing some reconnaissance. If it looks like I can proceed with my plans, I’ll build it there.”

The outside appearance of a dungeon could be anything that the Demon Lord fancied and the rooms and floors inside were connected via different dimensions so the terrain, the vastness and such of the dungeon didn’t matter; the only thing that really mattered was where the dungeon would be located.

To be near a lot of humans was indispensable to my dungeon and so I decided on making use of an already popular dungeon. Popular dungeons were essential resources for humans; many of them would even go back and forth between

such a dungeon and a large town. I thought that if I perhaps built my town in-between them, there would then be a demand for food and lodgings.

All the parts that could be accessed on the first floor of my dungeon shall be the town I'll build.

I then talked to my monsters as I gathered my thoughts.

"In order for the dungeon to have farmlands, we first need to prepare fertile lands. With the help of Ancient Elf's abilities, doing so will be easy and something like an abundant harvest could even be promised every year."

"That makes me happy, master. We elves are creatures who are most comfortable when surrounded by trees and grass."

My intention was to rent out the plots of land made fertile by Ancient Elf's abilities to farmers who didn't own their own land for almost no price at all.

If I did that, they would stay in my town for a long while and thus become my reliable source of DP.

Should that not entice them enough, building my town within reasonable distance of the first town probably would.

Besides them, I also planned to entice merchants aiming for the customers heading to the popular dungeon and, of course, inn managers.

"And then, Elder Dwarf, don't worry, I'll surely make a mine. It's needed not only to attract more humans but also for the advancement of your research and the improvement of our forces."

"That makes me happy as well, master. I'll make a lot of strong and amazing weapons. Please look forward to it."

"Strong weapons are great and all but please also consider making some

weapons we can sell to the humans.”

“I’ll leave that task to the Dwarf Smiths. Those two are more than capable to handle that.”

The mines would attract a fair number of humans. And so too would the selling of the high-quality dwarven-made arms that no human could replicate. It would certainly be popular, especially so when sold near a popular dungeon.

Between the abilities of the two races—of the elves presiding over nature and of the dwarves ruling over smithing—the success of my new town was all but certain.

And those were just some examples; there were still many more methods I could employ in order to gather the humans.

A dungeon built by a novice Demon Lord with little DP would be unable to gather enough people and thus not earn much. And when looking from the human’s side of things, changing their hunting grounds from an already popular dungeon made no sense.

The methods I had thought of were probably the most efficient way I could gather a good amount of DP.

“Uuhh, El-chan and Elf-chan are too sly. Kuina also wants to have a job.”

“Don’t worry Kuina, for you will be the key to our defense. No matter how much of an amazing city we build or how much humans we can gather, it would all mean nothing if the crystal is broken so I will be relying on your abilities, Kuina.”

“Understood, Oto-san! Kuina will protect not just Oto-san but the town and everyone in it as well!”

The lower floors where the crystal would be enshrined would be a hellish dungeon with nothing but defense in mind. Just taking a single step in it would result in one's immediate death.

Moreover, I intended to hide all the routes leading to the lowest floor as much as I could.

In the first place, the structure of the dungeon would completely change depending upon whether it was open for the public or at a state of war with another Demon Lord.

I couldn't do a compromise between the two so I decided to abandon the thought of opening the dungeon to the public at the start.

That being said though, eventually, after we earned some DP and increased our fighting strength, the news of a dungeon found underneath the town shall be spread. And from being a mere stop-over, it would probably become a full-blown dungeon town and snatch away all of the popular dungeon's visitors in the end.

"Oto-san's thinking of a lot of difficult stuff."

"It's 'cause I can't let anything bad happen to you girls. This crystal, you see, if ever it breaks, everyone will be gone. In order to prevent that, I have to think up of various measures."

The Creator reminded me of that when he gave me the crystal.

Even though another crystal would be resupplied to us upon our independence, all the monsters that had vanished would remain gone, never to return again.

It was then my duty to protect all the monsters I had created.

Whether they be Demon Lords waging a [War] against me or the humans, I won't let anyone take my children away. To that end, I was willing to do anything.

“We believe in you, Oto-san. Ah! I could see it! It’s such a big town!”

“I’m surprised they made such a big town.”

Kuina and Elder Dwarf were surprised.

Their surprise was justified though.

The place we were going to, the town of Eclaba, was a wealthy town with over a hundred thousand citizens.

As I observed their surprise, I guided the Gryphon to a descent.

We finally reached the town. Although this will also be a reconnaissance mission, we will be enjoying ourselves to the fullest.

Chapter 4: Serious Anger

We had finally reached the city.

We landed somewhere a little bit away and proceeded to walk from then on.

According to Marcho, the city of Eclaba was a large metropolis surrounded by gigantic walls and populated by more than a hundred thousand citizens. It was divided into three sections: the commercial area, the residential area, and the agricultural area.

Kuina hid her fox ears and tail using her Transform skill while Ancient Elf wore a hood.

To begin with, my and Elder Dwarf's appearance did not differ much from a human's so a disguise was unnecessary.

Like so, we wouldn't attract too much attention to ourselves.

Even though they were rare, elves and dwarves had established themselves as one of the races in this world, distinguishing themselves from being monsters.

When a crystal is broken, the monsters created directly by the Demon Lord would vanish but that wasn't so for their descendants. It would seem the monsters created by the other Demon Lords had conceived children and lived in prosperity and thus produced their own environment.

The Golems made by the dwarves were the same, by the way.

"Oto-san, look, what an impressive line."

"That's, they're collecting tariffs as well as barring entry to dangerous people."

"What a troublesome line."

It was certainly a troublesome thing; one that would waste our time.

I decided to do it the easy way and borrow Kuina and Ancient Elf's abilities.

"Ancient Elf, could you carry all of us?"

"I'll manage. I can also check if there are any people nearby."

"Okay. Next, Kuina. Can you hide with some magic?"

"Yup, I can but it'll only be limited to our appearance. Our smell and the noises we make won't be hidden."

"It'll be fine as long as the other party's an ordinary human so please, do it."

"Okay!"

And so, we became invisible through Kuina's illusion magic and entered the city by riding the wind Ancient Elf blew.



"Woah, there's a lot of people here."

"Master, they're a little too many and it's making me feel sick."

We undid our invisibility at a place with no one around and then proceeded to the commercial area of the town.

I was with three beautiful girls so the gazes of the surrounding people gathered on us. But since they were still just little girls and since I was unambiguously sticking close to them, none of them dared to call out.

Nevertheless, there truly was so much people gathered in this city, both inside and out.

People looking for treasures and magic stones excavated from the great dungeon gathered here and those people brought their own goods to trade. Then, there came people looking for the goods that those people brought. There would then be people looking for those goods and so on and so forth, repeating the process over and over again, with each cycle increasing the scale of trading further.

Towns like this often formed near first-class dungeon, or so it would seem.

By the way, the dungeon about 80 kilometers away from this city belonged to the [Time] Demon Lord.

If I had the abilities of [Time], making a dungeon prosper would be a simple job. Although the person himself had said that the largescale time rewind he did during the [War] was done with the Creator's support.

"Master, if we go all out and massacre all the humans here, we'd get tons of DP. It's going to be safe for us too since even if we rampage here, we can just put all the blame to the [Time] Demon Lord."

With a smile on her face, Ancient Elf said such terrifying things.

That might be correct when considering only the efficiency of things but...

"Let's refrain from doing that. It's against my principles and when the [Time] Demon Lord gets wind of it, he'll surely kill us. And most of all, the people here might someday become my town's citizens."

"Sorry."

"First of all, what do you all think of humans?"

"The humans? They're cattle for us, right?"

Ancient Elf tilted her head in confusion.

I looked at the other two but they didn't think Ancient Elf's reply was strange.

There probably was nothing wrong with it from the point of view of a monster who had immense power.

In fact, I who held special emotions toward humans might be the weird one to them.

"If they are indeed cattle, then they should have other uses than to be killed and be eaten, right?"

"As expected of my master, you intend to use them to the last bit."

There was no need to forcefully change their perspective toward humans for it might change voluntarily as they interact with them.

"Even though I'm the only one that won't do it, there certainly are Demon Lords that, based on the circumstances of things, will strategically assault a human city."

The one to respond to my words this time was Elder Dwarf.

"I wonder, why do that kind of thing?"

"It's one way to attract humans. If they attack a city, you see, humans in large numbers will come to them and seek for revenge. There'll be lots of strong humans too. If the Demon Lords manage to kill their would-be killers within the dungeon, they'd receive a ton of DP."

It was a story I heard from Marcho.

If a Demon Lord did a largescale assault on a town, the human army would mobilize.

And the stronger a human was, the more DP the Demon Lord would get. Furthermore, it would seem that the strong emotions of the humans filled with the thoughts of justice and revenge were extremely delicious.

Poking the hornet's nest as they say was an old trick done by the Demon Lords.

However, such a method would cause the humans to eventually distance themselves from the dungeon and thus, when compared to the method of seeking some form of coexistence with the humans, it will lose out in the long run. Moreover, there would always be that chance wherein the Demon Lord would be killed by the many hero class humans he had provoked.

Simply put, it was a short-term last-ditch effort for when one needed a lot of DP.

"That sounds interesting, Oto-san. Let's try it!"

"No, let's not."

Kuina could be kind of capricious sometimes so I decided I should be careful.



We walked as we checked the prices of the different goods sold at the commercial area of Eclaba. The goods and their prices would serve as various reference materials someday.

But then, a group of three boorish men appeared and looked like they intended to stand in our way.

They were garbed in light armor with worn-out one-handed swords hanging from their sides.

"You little misses look cute. Wanna go eat some tasty food with us? We just scored some good stuff from the dungeon so we can treat you to some

expensive food. Whaddaya say?

“Oi, oi. All of them’s a brat ‘cept for one. One’s even a man!”

“They can’t be brats if they’re this fine. Let’s just leave the guy here.”

They talked as they showed such sleazy smiles.

I was surprised in a way; I didn’t expect to find such stereotypical men here.

“Could you please not bother my companions?”

“Hey you look like a girl. Anyway, what, you their friend or something? You trying to show-off? Well, we’re just kind misters who are going to show them something more fun than playing games so don’t get in the way, okay?”

I looked like a girl?

It bothered me, to be honest.

I then felt Kuina repeatedly poking my back.

“May I burn these scum who dared talk like that to Oto-san?”

“I’m forbidding any killing today. Moreover, don’t get involved, okay?”

“Okay.”

She looked disappointed as she looked down.

I understood what she felt since I too wanted to kill them.

“I’m not their friend; I’m their guardian. I have a duty to protect these girls so I *will* get in the way.”

“I see... go to sleep then!”

One of the men swung his fist.

Even though I could have easily avoided it, I didn't even try.

And then, his fist hit my cheek but didn't separate from it.

"It hurts! What the, hitting this guy's like hitting iron!"

The man held his hand and crouched down. Well, hitting me would do that to someone like him.

The man then raised his face and upon doing so, he began to tremble. The other two men also trembled soon after.

"AH! AH! AHHH!"

"Hii!"

"W-waaaaahhhhh!"

The three screamed as they began their escape.

I did not cause their panic, however.

"You guys have endured well."

It was caused by my monsters.

They saw that the men actually dared to hurt me but since I had forbidden them to kill, the release of their urge to kill was all they did. It was, however, enough to make the men face their doom.

In the aftermath of things, the surrounding humans also lost their marbles.

They truly were S rank monsters.

“Oto-san, please take back your order of not getting involved. Even though I knew it won’t hurt you at all, I still didn’t like it. I could have kill him a dozen times even before his slow fist hit.”

“Me too, master.”

“Yeah, I agree. I won’t let anyone bring harm to my master.”

Being loved by my girls really made me happy.

With no other way, I decided to stop getting myself be purposely hit next time.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to make you guys worry. I’ll properly make it up to all of you.”

I had decided that after our tasks for the day were finished, I would let everyone enjoy themselves to the fullest.



We had finished the viewing of the market price of the goods so next was, in a way, the day’s main event.

“From here on, we’re gonna be looking around mainly for weapons. Be especially mindful, Elder Dwarf. We can sell any weapons we have that are better than the ones here. Use it as reference.”

“Understood but I think it’s unnecessary; it’s unlikely humans could make something great.”

“That’s certainly true, yeah. I also share your sentiments but we’ll still use it as reference. After all, it won’t do us any good if we offer the humans weapons that are too powerful. So, it’s important to sell them only slightly better weapons than the ones sold here.”

For argument's sake, let us assume we mass produced and sold assault rifles in my town.

It would be really popular and make the humans clamor over it. But this would invite the ire of the other Demon Lords and thus be like digging my own grave.

On the other hand, the far-too-advanced technology would stimulate the humans' greed and, in order to have a monopoly over it, they would wage war on me in the true sense of the word.

No matter what, doing things in moderation was the key.

"I understand. I'll closely examine the things here and make some drafts. Afterwards though, I'll leave the manufacturing to those two. Mundane tasks are so boring after all."

Such a task was probably unamusing for Elder Dwarf the researcher.

Nonetheless, I felt she would still do the task superbly.

"Sorry for making you do such a boring job but in exchange, I'll use [Creation] to make an interesting weapon for you to study. I'll also prepare an environment wherein you could focus on nothing but your research."

I smiled a little when I stroked her cheerless head.

She then smiled with supreme happiness in return.

"I love you, master."

Even such short words made her face redden and talk in whispers.

Chapter 5: Weapons and Farmlands

On our way to a store that handled weapons, we stopped by a pawnshop and turned the gems I made using [Creation] into money.

The gold coins were heavy and therefore consume an intense amount of magic power. In that regard, creating the jewels was the better choice.

I was making gunpowder and various rare metals which couldn't be easily procured without [Creation] daily so I wanted to conserve as much MP as I could.

After I got the gold coins, I listened in on the conversations between the nearby people of this town but I then found a popular equipment shop.

As a testament to its popularity, the shop was pretty big.

Inside, around fifty humans known as adventurers were intently looking for equipment.

From swords to spears to bows. From clothes to armor to footwear. Those seemed to roughly be the store's main products. The mass-produced cheap products and the high-quality ones made by craftsmen were each lined up in their own corners.

"Oto-san, Oto-san, there's a huge amount of weapons here."

"Quality is more important than quantity, master. I'm a little bit disappointed."

"I don't really know these weapons well. I mean, I like the bow and all but... ever since I met that little one, a bow just can't satisfy me anymore."

Each of my girls expressed their own reactions.

Elder Dwarf and I then went to the corner where the finest items were lined up while Kuina and Ancient Elf visited the corner where the shoes were.

Elder Dwarf picked up the most expensive sword. The material used on it was an alloy made of iron and a little bit of mithril. This was a scheme done so that the cost of production would be reduced.

“Pitiful.”

Her face became grim as she murmured so.

“I pity the materials that were used like this as I pity the person that will wield this weapon. This isn’t a sword; it’s just a scrap of iron.”

She looked at it with terrifyingly cold eyes.

Meanwhile, the surrounding people were astir; Elder Dwarf, the silver-haired prepubescent beauty that didn’t belong in this place, gathered their attention. With a remark like that though, it was unavoidable.

And a few moments later, a giant of a man came from the inside of the store.

He had skin as dark as the night and a body trained through and through.

“You! You the one that dared to suggest my sword’s rubbish!?”

His footsteps were loud and heavy as he trotted towards us.

“Just when I thought it was a first-class adventurer dissing my sword, here I

see no one but a little girl! But I won't let anyone take a piss at any of my work, not even a brat like you!"

The man bellowed a nerve-wracking speech.

It was so loud the men that tried to pick up the girls earlier would hesitate.

However, Elder Dwarf didn't move an inch.

Even though she looked like a silver-haired beauty in the first half of her teens, she was, in fact, a powerful S rank monster. An ordinary human wouldn't make her feel threatened, not even one tiny bit.

"Take a piss? I'm merely stating the facts. The fire in the furnace wasn't hot enough; the materials aren't distributed properly; the alloy has been struck far too heavily making the sword brittle; the weight's uneven; and then there's its shape which is suited neither for slashing nor bashing. Now, selling this sword, that would be taking a major piss at anyone."

Instead of backing down, she rained in criticism after criticism on him and he winced.

"Like you know how to forge one. Cut it ou—"

"This is how a real sword should be."

She threw the slender blade that hung from her back to the large man.

The sword was her insurance in case she ever ran out of bullets.

"What the, this sword... what the, this is made of mithril. There's other metals mixed in in the alloy but it's not for bringing down the cost of production but

rather to strengthen the alloy. Furthermore, the skill it takes to make the grip firm and the blade smooth... such a sword, it has to be made by Yappaluna, the legendary blacksmith of the royal capital.”

“I’m the one that made that sword.”

“There’s no way a brat could—”

“I made it.”

Those short words had so much intensity in them, it allowed the man no rebuttal and brought him into silence.

She then retrieved her sword, put it back into its sheath, and turned around to face me.

“Master, let’s go. I’ve seen all there is to see.”

She said so as she pulled my hand.

The large man didn’t say anything further. Did he feel some sort of reverence towards someone of exceptional skill comparable to a master blacksmith?

The surrounding people were still observing us as we left. I then thought of something good: with this many people giving us attention, it was a great opportunity to advertise.

“Everyone, a week from now, we will be building a city to be located between this one and the dungeon in the east. There will of course be a shop selling the weapons made by this girl so please do come.”

The noise the surrounding humans made grew louder.

Adventurers, in order to survive, were always starving to have powerful

weapons after all.

Our advertisement here did enough impact and the news of our town would probably be spread by word of mouth.

...although, of course, it would depend on the events to follow whether or not my dungeon would actually be built there.

With our task done, we left soon after.

By the way, we were later scolded by Kuina and Ancient Elf for leaving the both of them behind.



After we exited the commercial area, we then paid the agricultural area a visit and it was tremendously vast. Despite that, however, the poverty of the farmers could be immediately perceived.

With dreams within their hearts, an awful lot of humans had dared their fortunes and came to grand cities like this one, only to find that there wasn't any plot of land left to farm. And so, they scrambled for jobs in the city. The humans that knew no other skill but farm work needed to have either luck, connections, or outstanding talent in order to secure employment. The ones unlucky enough to have none of those rented land from some great landlord and cultivated some crops.

Indeed, life was harsh. Even so, they were no longer able to leave this city and return to their home villages for they had already tasted the city life and no other place could satisfy them now.

Ancient Elf was observing the field that spread all around us. She was examining the condition of the land using her abilities.

"How is it? How's the land? I would be rather troubled if the land's still in a

somewhat good condition.”

“The land’s location and geology are just fine but it’s so exhausted, I just want to go and heal it.”

Based on Ancient Elf’s analysis, the land itself was good but it seemed like the overuse of the land in order to raise the amount of crops harvested to impossible heights, the planting of the same plant over and over again, all the flooding, and various other problems had occurred.

“What would happen if crops are planted on this land again?”

“If a lot of fertilizers are used, I think that maybe it just might yield some harvest but yeah, it’ll be hard. If the farmers continue to push the land, its condition will become much harsher. If possible, I would like the land be left unused for next two years or so.”

“Is it possible for you to grow the same crops planted here in the dungeon we’re gonna build?”

“Of course, with an abundant harvest to boot.”

The crops were just about ready to be harvested so I could have taken a few of them with me to my new town but I preferred to be safe than sorry. And so, I bought some seeds from a farmer that worked on the field at a rather high price.

“After you’ve prepared the farmlands, I want you to accelerate the growth of these seeds until just before it’s ready to be harvested.”

“Alright but what for?”

“Rather than promoting the immigration to a so-called fertile land, wouldn’t it be better if we just showed them?”

Humans believed most what they could see.

By the way, I intended to collect 10% of the farmers' harvest as compensation for the house and lot I was going to offer them. The house and lot would be free of charge until they could make a harvest and in case of a crop failure, the fee would be lowered.

These rates were already exceptional. I could also offer it for free but then that would be too suspicious.

The farmers would live out their life as usual but for those that were too attached to the city life, I would explain to them that it was alright to occasionally go back and forth between my city and this one. If I did that, their decision to move would be an easier one. The ability to travel between cities within a day was monumental.

After touring the city briefly, the four of us went to a play, ate at various restaurants, and simply just enjoyed ourselves.

It was quite fun. The girls also found it fun and insisted on coming back. I then therefore decided that I should create opportunities to have fun like this on a regular basis.

But there were still work left for us to do today so I thought that we should head out of the city soon.

"Oto-san, that bird..."

"It's Stolas's monster, isn't it?"

The blue bird flew to us and then perched itself on my shoulder.

It was the monster [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas used to send me letters. This little one had memorized the magic power flowing within me so it could deliver the letters to me even when I was outside.

I then opened the letter tied to its leg.

...Interesting, I thought, they were finally able to show themselves.

“Oto-san, what’s up?”

“Well,”

According to the letter I got from Stolas, one of the new Demon lords had approached her and suggested an alliance. The purpose of the said alliance was to suppress the [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, or in other words, me.

They thought that no Demon Lord by themselves could defeat me. They were also afraid that I would declare [War] on one of them so they allied with each other to crush me before I even could. It was a sound train of thought.

It seemed like Stolas had rejected their offer but she had also written that I should be careful.

By the end of the letter though, I wasn’t able to help myself from letting out a laugh.

<<The one to defeat you will be me. My victory would only have meaning if I achieved it with my own strength. I absolutely won’t forgive you if you lose to anyone else but me so... Also, if ever you find it too much to handle on your own, reach out to me. I will help with anything as your friend, yes, as your friend.>>

I was thankful of her news about the other Demon Lord’s coalition and their intention to attack me. I thought that I must properly thank her the next time we meet.

“We have to hurry on building our city.”

There wasn't much time left; I needed to quickly advance my preparations.

I had gathered from our inspection of this town that it would be exceedingly desirable to build a dungeon nearby. Should the [Time] Demon lord accept my proposal, I would then be able to start building my dungeon.

And so, we were off to pay him a visit. I was both afraid and excited on meeting with him.

Chapter 6: [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian

We left the city and headed toward the dungeon of the [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian.

Since I was going to build a dungeon somewhere between his dungeon and the city of Eclaba, going through the proper procedures was a must or else it would seem like an act of aggression.

Truth be told though, Marcho had already contacted him beforehand. She had thoroughly conveyed to him my purpose on building my city and that it wasn't my intention to snatch away any of the visitors from his dungeon. I really owed Marcho so much, I couldn't even look her in the eye.

We finally arrived at our destination after a long journey. The walk by itself took a while but we also encountered some monsters on our way. I experienced the walk myself and I realized that it was truly better to have a city halfway.

The [Time] Demon Lord's dungeon was of the high tower type. It was a dungeon that felt somewhat sinister and intimidating.

"It really is a popular dungeon with all the people coming and going."

Dumbfounded, I murmured so. A lot of humans were entering and exiting the tower. Stalls, although small in scale, were open for business. The shops that sold food and medicine as well as the shops that did simple repairs on the adventurers' equipment were numerous.

"Kuina was surprised but there's really an awful lot of injured people here."

Just as Kuina said, there really were a lot of injured people here. Since they

fought monsters as a profession, being injured was unavoidable. It was unavoidable and yet humans still continued to challenge the dungeon for its rewards were far more alluring than the risks.

“Master, I understand that we’re here to visit the [Time] Demon Lord but how shall we do it? Do we have to fight all the way to the top floor of the dungeon?”

Elder dwarf raised a legitimate question. It was, after all, normal for Demon Lords to stay hidden within the innermost space of their dungeon where their crystal was held.

“I don’t think that will be necessary. He has been informed beforehand that we will be coming this evening and he’s one of the most powerful Demon Lords so I’m quite sure he’s got something planned.”

It would be just like going to hell itself if we ever did have to fight all the way to the top since dungeons of old Demon Lords were easily comprised of more than a hundred levels.

“You all got your weapons?”

Each one nodded in response to my question.

We then pumped ourselves up and advanced into the dungeon.



I was shocked by the fervor that greeted us as we entered the dungeon.

Countless humans and monsters were fighting with one another.

I wondered how the [Time] Demon Lord was able to acquire such a number of monsters and then thought there might have been some kind of method to

increase the number of one's monsters that I didn't knew about.

We slipped our way through the fights and advanced ahead, avoiding fights with the monsters as much as possible. The sole purpose, after all, of us being here was to meet with the [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian and thus, I wanted to avoid killing his monsters and getting on his bad side pointlessly.

At the exact moment we exited the first floor, I felt some kind of mysterious energy.

I then looked at Kuina's direction and noticed she was moving strangely slow. But it wasn't Kuina that was slow, it was the world itself.

What could this be, I wondered as my consciousness faded out.



A mild headache assaulted me as my consciousness returned. I then heard a voice talking to me.

"I believe this is our second time to meet each other. I am the [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian. In the name of fairness, I would like to say beforehand that Marcho has already informed me all about you."

The suit-clad, big-monocle-wearing, wineglass-in-hand handsome young man sat on a throne with his legs crossed as he spoke.

I took a moment to look around and noticed I was in a western-style room filled with the finest furnishings. Beside Dantalian was a crystal. I guessed that this was most probably the innermost part of his dungeon.

Fortunately, my monsters were with me.

"Thanks for having us. Earlier, my body suddenly stopped moving. Was that perhaps Dantalian-sama's power?"

“Exactly. I didn’t want too many humans seeing your transfer so I froze the flow of time for everyone in there. Afterwards, a monster of mine used [Transfer] and transported you here.”

I shivered at his words.

He was able to, at the very least, stop the flow of time in all of the rooms in his dungeon. On top of that, he was also able to choose which targets he wanted transport.

If this war a [War], our side would have already lost, and my monsters and I dead, then and there.

But I shouldn’t just jump to conclusions. He only did those things right after we exited the first floor so perhaps there was some kind of restriction behind it. Also, by everyone there, he might have meant everyone in the room he chose rather than everyone in the three-roomed floor.

“I see. Just as Marcho said, you’re quick-witted and very cautious.”

“Is that a compliment?”

“Of course. Because if you were otherwise, you won’t be able to survive for long. I expect much from you.”

He was terribly looking down on me and he had every right to for at the present, he was vastly superior compared to me.

“Well then, shall we tackle my main topic at hand?”

“Hmm, before that, I would like to ask you something... have you already slept with Marcho?”

I was dumbfounded for an instant. *What on earth is this guy talking about?*

“No, I have not. Our relationship is that of a parent and her child. If we’re anything more, it’s that we are friends.”

“I see. I’m relieved by that.”

“Relieved?”

“I have been courting her all this time, you see, but have only been rejected so far. She won’t even let me hold her hand.”

Dantalian then let out a dry laugh.

After I heard his story about Marcho, I was both somewhat shaken and relieved.

“I’m a little bit surprised.”

“Hmm, that much of a response, huh? Oh well. So, you intend to build a dungeon between Eclaba and my dungeon, correct? But it won’t be a typical dungeon where you use monsters and treasures to lure in humans? Instead, you want to build a city and gather them with trade and agriculture.”

“Yes, I do. And to do just that, I had come here to meet with you.”

“Very well, I approve.”

“You’re going to just like that?”

“Well, my dungeon won’t just crumble because of a dungeon of a young Demon Lord. Moreover, you’re Marcho’s kid. All that said though, I expect to be compensated..... The monsters behind you, each one’s an S rank and I find that interesting. You see, a century ago, I was awarded by the Creator an S rank medal. With it, I made one S rank monster. But you, so young yet you already have three. Indeed, very interesting.”

Dantalian then evaluated Kuina, Elder Dwarf, and Ancient Elf in that order. Seeing as it was him, I was sure he was able to see the girls' abilities.

“That can’t be your price...”

“Yes, I am to receive one of your monsters. You may choose which one it is that you’re going to give me. Don’t be worried, for that price, I’m also willing to give you a [Time] medal, and [Time] is one of the most powerful medals.”

The girls anxiously looked at me.

Give him one of the girls I love? Something like that...

“That’s out of the question. If that is to be your condition, then I shall have to abandon my plans of building a dungeon here.”

Without doubt, this was the best location for my dungeon. If I built it here, I was sure that it would be a guaranteed success.

Furthermore, the fact that [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian was born in the same year as Marcho and would therefore vanish before long also appealed to me. When he’s gone, I would then be able to begin the operation my dungeon as a real one brazenly and at no risk.

I had no knowledge so far of a place more ideal than this.

If I had a [Time] medal, I just might be able to make monsters more powerful than them but that wasn’t a reason compelling enough for me to give up one of my beloved girls; I didn’t love them just for their abilities.

“What an immediate reply. And you didn’t waver for even a moment. Your

love towards your monsters, that too is an important quality of a Demon Lord. Do your best to cherish them.”

He drank from his wineglass as though he was in a good mood.

“You were testing me?”

“More or less. But I still expect to be compensated. You are asking me for a favor and so you shouldn’t expect me to support you without getting anything out of the deal when you aren’t even my child. So, instead of your monsters, I will ask for your [Creation] medal. Of course, my own [Time] medal is also in the deal.”

Only one [Creation] medal remained in my possession.

I could trade it but not under these conditions.

“Those are fair terms but let me correct some things. You are mistaken to think that it’s only me who will profit from this venture. What I would build is more of a city than a dungeon. If you had a convenient city near your dungeon, there should be an increase in the number of human visitors, more you have ever had in fact. Eclaba is just too inconveniently distant from here and my town will help solve that problem.”

Although I hid my intentions of, in the end, taking all of his visitors away, I didn’t utter a single lie. His dungeon would be more popular than ever.

“Maybe but I have no intention to rescind my terms. We are being prohibited to attack you new Demon Lords but that is under the assumption that there’s no real harm being done to us. Your plans may be interpreted as you wanting to pick a fight with me and fighting back under such circumstances can never be

wrong.”

The real meaning behind his words was that if I chose to disregard his terms and go build my dungeon anyways, he would destroy it. I had no doubt he could and would do so.

“I understand. Then, let me add other conditions instead. My [Creation] is a very unique and powerful medal. Even your [Time] medal can’t be compared to it. Therefore, I will ask for an additional original medal in return for it. Also, I will forbid you from disclosing any information about my [Creation] medal to anyone. I will accept your terms if you also accept mine.”

“You talk big, don’t you? This is the first time someone’s said my medal isn’t good enough. How daring of you to brag to me of all people!”

“My medal is a medal that will give you an S rank monster which so far you’ve only had one of. I’m of the thought that one of those will be more than enough for your approval on building my dungeon, your [Time], and one other original medal.”

Such was my objective evaluation. [Creation] was worth that much.

“Hmm, you do have a point. Very well, I’ll let my curiosity get the better of me this time. Regarding the need for secrecy, I’m fine with it but will you trust me to honor my word?”

“Yes. I don’t think you will do anything that Marcho will despise. If ever, I will mercilessly tattle about it.”

“Hahaha. Ahahahaha. That’s certainly true. I’m pleased and I understand why Marcho’s pleased with you as well. Very well then, I approve of your plan to build a dungeon... And, here’s the [Time] and [Water] medal. With this, you have obtained all of the four great elements.”

He spoke and then threw two medals.

In return, I tossed him [Creation].

As one might expect from [Time], the medal that belonged to one of the most powerful Demon Lords, and [Water], one of the four great elements, both of them were exceptionally strong.

I lost the one [Creation] medal I had and the synthesis would have to take place a month from now but it seemed likely that the monster's going to be strong.

"With this, our contract is sealed. Dantalian-sama, please do visit my city once it's finished."

"Alright. I look forward to it. I'll try asking Marcho on a date just in case... not once has she accepted my offer though. Anyway, do come again. I'm quite pleased with you. I'll prepare a game with prizes."

The two of us then smiled.

I thought about inviting Marcho and Dantalian to come over at the same time wherein they will then *accidentally* run into each other but I decided to drop the thought. My chest throbbed and I didn't know why.

Anyway, now that it has been decided, let's go open my dungeon!

Chapter 7: Building a City

The negotiations with [Time] Demon Lord Dantalian had safely concluded.

I was now allowed to build my dungeon, or rather, my city between Eclaba and his dungeon.

There were two reasons why I easily gave up my [Creation] medal during the negotiations: I expected that his high pride and his relationship with Marcho would prevent him from ever disclosing the medal's secrets to anyone.

Another reason was that he was a Demon Lord that, just like Marcho, would soon be gone and thus, the likelihood of him being my enemy was exceedingly low. The old Demon Lords were forbidden to attack us new Demon Lords for a year and within that year, the [Time] Demon Lord would perish.

Taking those into consideration, it was then better for me to get a powerful medal as I tried to make him feel like he owed me a favor.

We flew on the back of the Griffon and finally arrived at the place where my city was going to be built. It was a nice and open space.

I went to the trouble of getting the [Time] Demon Lord's consent but such a thing wasn't necessary to obtain from the humans since the site had no ruler aside from the myriad of monsters. However, that was bound to change as my town gained fame and profits.

And if, in exchange of their consent, they demanded a tax in the form of gold and the harvested crops, and the said tax wasn't too outrageously high, I was prepared to pay them. If they go over the line, however, then I was also prepared to take the appropriate measures.

“Oto-san, we’re looking forward to the dungeon!”

“Yes, we are, master. We can finally have our own home and do whatever we wish.”

“Yeah, I’m thrilled!”

Each of the girls expressed their excitement.

“Well, we can’t forever be freeloaders at Marcho’s, now can we?”

I held the crystal that will be my dungeon’s core tightly. It was slightly covered with the sweat in my hand. Once I had established my dungeon, I would forever be unable to move it somewhere else. And for that, I was nervous.

As I was like that, a crow, the size of a large dog, watched me. Officially, it was a monster I received as a gift from the [Time] Demon Lord.

After we exchanged medals, he verified the [Creation] medal’s abilities and said thus:

“It’s certainly just as you bragged about. No, it’s more than that. Hmm, at this rate, I would be gaining too much from our deal. And one-sidedly benefitting from a negotiation is something my honor would not allow. So, take this convenient monster as my gift. It’s B rank and can use transfer magic. Having transfer is, after all, necessary to dungeon management. I think that it’s exactly what a newcomer such as yourself would need.”

There was no denying that it was indeed a convenient monster. Demon Lords possessed a privilege that allowed them to move anywhere they wanted to as long as it was within their own dungeon and they did so alone, without any of their subordinates. Should they want to bring with them their subordinates, it was then necessary for those followers to temporarily enter the Demon Lord’s

[Storage].

The method mentioned above couldn't be applied to monsters like the Golems that Elder Dwarf made or to the undead monsters that Wight reanimated. And those monsters' usefulness was truly different depending on whether or not I had a monster that could use transfer magic.

The crow was especially helpful given my present circumstance in which I had to move the Golems from Marcho's dungeon. All of this on top of the fact that, at the moment, I couldn't make a monster that could use transfer magic with the medals I had at hand made it great if not for the jet-black crow constantly watching me.

"No doubt about it, it's observing me."

I whispered so to myself.

Although it was a monster made by the [Time] Demon Lord, it was now under my control. It would follow my every command with absolute obedience and would be unable to intentionally hurt me.

Conversely though, that was all it was going to do for me. There was a dozen loopholes to the statement above. One such case was that it would leak out information about me to Dantalian and that was something I had to be prepared for.

Really, just what you'd expect from an old Demon Lord, they were too wary. I decided to let him watch rather than conceal my activities so that I might convince him that I meant him no harm. On the other hand, not doing so carried great risks. Of course, I intended to hide the things he didn't have to see.

"Now then, shall we begin?"

I ended my contemplation and began the building of my city.

I currently had 30,000 DP and unless I used it wisely, all of it would vanish right away.

As an absolute necessity, I needed to use 10,000DP for [Add Floor]. A floor could only have three rooms and when trying to have more than three, an additional floor needed to be added first. And, since the city would be placed above ground and the dungeon would be built below it, an additional floor could not be forgone.

Furthermore, I also needed to reserve 1,000 DP for [Floor Swap] which was to be used at the start of a [War].

Let me first state the rules that were given to us new Demon Lords by the Creator:

1. In the event one is willing to start a [War], the Creator as well as the enemy Demon Lord must first be notified. No new Demon Lord may refuse to participate.
2. The [War] will begin, at the shortest, 48 hours from the declaration of [War].
3. Until the start of the [War], new Demon Lords are forbidden to engage in military conflicts against their fellow Demon Lords. This rule doesn't apply when the other party is within one's own dungeon.
4. At the start of the [War], the entrances of the participating dungeons will be linked by a white space and until the conclusion of the [War]. Every

human and every creature that is not a monster within the dungeon will be moved to a place where time is stopped.

5. The conditions for victory are: the enemy Demon Lord's surrender, their crystal's destruction, or their subjugation. Until any of those conditions are satisfied, the [War] will continue. At the time of one's surrender, their crystal shall be destroyed.

Those were the rules given to us. It was mostly the same as the exhibition I participated in.

At first glance, the rules would seem coherent but they lent themselves to various loopholes.

First off, nowhere was it stated that one may not participate in simultaneous [Wars]. In other words, several Demon Lords may declare war against a single Demon Lord at exactly the same time.

Furthermore, although one might be lead to believe that all military actions are forbidden until the start of the [War], the rule was only limited to those that might bring harm to the enemy. It was then not against the rules to have a large host of monsters stay hidden within the enemy's dungeon until the start of the [War].

Moreover, the rules did not put any limitations on fights occurring within one's own dungeon. Even when not at [War], if one managed to coerce another Demon Lord into their own dungeon, one was then allowed to fight the said Demon Lord.

I digressed but the reason I stated all this was because my tactics involved the use [Floor Swap] to move my city underground at the start of the fighting.

Although I could just simply relocate the humans to a safer location, after all the hardships I went through to establish my city, I just couldn't let ruin befall it. And so, I concluded that I needed to preserve 1000DP at all times in order to use [Floor Swap].

“[Build]”

I uttered the word of power and the crystal shone.

A pedestal that could support the crystal manifested and the crystal then enshrined itself on the pedestal. Stone walls then surrounded us. This was now the innermost part of my dungeon.

Upon being connected to crystal, the surrounding rooms would be projected.

“First of all, I'll choose the entrance to be [Transparent] and the first room to be a plain. Elder Dwarf, Ancient Elf, I'll leave the specific configurations to you. You can configure anything as you see fit except for the room's size which shall be set to the maximum.”

The entrance which shall represent the dungeon's appearance on the outside was set to be [Transparent] for 100DP. That meant that it would project the first room's appearance just as it was to the outside. The vital first room was then set to be a plain covered with plants and densely populated by trees. It would also be a suitable living environment for humans with water flowing beneath it. As to be expected though, such a plain was more expensive than a stone corridor. I needed to spend 3000DP on one.

“Leave it to us, master. We'll definitely make a land that's comfortable to live in.”

“Look forward to it master, ok? From the geology and the water flowing in the land to the feng-shui and magical energies that flowed in it too, it'll be perfect.

A land as supreme as my master's town!"

The engineering specialist and the nature specialist then stood before the crystal and tweaked every configuration with frightening vigor.

Anything that came to mind at the time of construction of a Demon Lord's dungeon could be thoroughly and finely configured. And the land made with every ounce of the wisdom of the best of the dwarves and the best of the elves could be nothing but the best.

At around the 30 minute mark, the setup was complete and I proceeded with the purchase.

The scenery that could be seen from the crystal room was the very definition of nature itself.

The second room onward was completely located at a different dimension and could only be accessed through the first room but since my dungeon's entrance was set to be [Transparent], it then made the first room accessible from any point of contact it had with the world. Any and all inconsistencies the first room might cause by its presence in the world would be fixed by the world itself so that none might notice.

An ordinary Demon Lord would never choose something like [Transparent] to be their dungeon's entrance since they wouldn't be able to completely limit the means others might trespass on their territory and thus making the dungeon hard to defend. However, my dungeon was a city and this was the best option for it.

"The two of you did your best. With this, we'll be able to invite the humans."

The two were able to accomplish their task without incident. I then decided to pat their heads.

They narrowed their eyes as though they were pleased.

“Master, we’ve only prepared the land. When the Golems and the Dwarf Smiths get here, I would like to ready the farmlands and build the houses. We also have to build walls to cover the city. And then, we’ll tackle the waterworks. If I could borrow Ancient Elf’s abilities, we should be able to finish all these tasks in about a week.”

Elder Dwarf and the Dwarf Smiths possessed earth magic and knowledge about public works while the dozens of Golems could function as the heavy equipment. And if they had the nature-magic-expert Ancient Elf’s assistance, it was more than possible for them to form my city in a week’s time.

They had configured the land under the assumption that they would accomplish those things.

Just when I thought Ancient Elf was making a troubled face, she hesitantly spoke.

“Master, I would like to ask you for a favor. You made the size of the land be set to the maximum which is 10 Km by 10 Km. To continually give an elf’s blessing to the whole of the city and to also control the weather is a little too much for one person.”

“Would having an assistant help?”

“Yes. If we had the High Elves which are two ranks below me, nature would always be on our side.”

I considered it for a moment.

High Elves were B rank monsters and were also quite the nature magic user.

I saw no harm in employing them especially if it helped the city's domestic affairs.

"Alright. I'll make them later. Can I leave their training to you, Ancient Elf?"

"Yes, of course! I'll instruct them well! I'll make sure they won't just be friends of friends of nature but also fantastic snipers."

"That sounds promising."

Ancient Elf looked proud and delighted as she nodded her head.

But then, Kuina had a jealous look on her face.

"El-chan and now Elf-chan too, you're both so sneaky! Kuina has always wanted to have a follower and yet..."

I smiled wryly at her. I got where she was coming from.

Elder Dwarf had the Dwarf Smiths.

And now, Ancient Elf would have the High Elves under her command.

I thought it was reasonable for her to want a follower of her own.

"I'll think about it. After all, Mythological Foxes that could use [Transform] would be convenient to have in negotiating with the humans."

Although this was a world where demi-humans were accepted, there were still many humans that would discriminate. I had, right from the beginning, already thought of creating Mythological Foxes who were intelligent and could

look completely like humans.

“Yay ♪! Kuina will also now have followers! Oto-san, thank you! I love you!”

Kuina ran and hugged me tight so I hugged her back.

She swung her fox tail, happy from the bottom of her heart.

“Next, should I buy a [Mine]?”

Elder Dwarf furiously and repeatedly nodded her head.

As far as she was concerned, the mine was the most important aspect of my dungeon.

And so, I added a [Mine] area to the first floor. I only needed to set its size so it was quickly added to the dungeon.

The ores that could be mined from it was related to the Demon Lord's level. The quality of the ores than could be mined here was significantly lower than the ones that could be gotten from Marcho's dungeon but the fact those ores were important resources didn't change. I guessed that at my current level, mithril would show up once in a while.

Afterwards, I used [Add Floor] and built a room on the new floor. It was the same straightforward stone room I used on my fight against [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas. For the moment, I only built one room.

By building this one room, the crystal room would automatically be relocated next to the straightforward stone room where it would be the innermost room of the dungeon.

I expected that after taking some kind of counter-measure against my heavy machine guns, hostile Demon Lords were bound to declare [War] on me.

I had no intention to make all three rooms on the floor be like the straightforward stone room guarded by the Mithril Golems.

That was probably enough for today.

The 30,000 DP I had quickly diminished.

100 DP for the [Transparent] entrance;

3,000 DP for the [Plain] in the first room;

2,400 DP for two High Elves;

Another 2,400 DP for two Mythological Foxes;

10,000 DP for [Add Floor];

1,000 DP for the stone room guarded by the Mithril Golems;

5,000 DP for the [Mine];

All in all, I used up a total of 23,900 DP.

If I factored in the 1,000 DP I would use for [Floor Swap], that left me with only 5,100 DP. Considering that I still had to build 2 rooms on the second floor to guard the crystal and one more room on the first floor to help my city, the 5,100 DP left was certainly not enough. I had to quickly earn some DP.

“Well then, everyone. This will be all for today. For the moment, let’s go back to Marcho’s Dungeon and bring along Wight and the others.”

“Alright, Oto-san! Let’s go pack and move here!”

There was still a lot of work to be done but at last, my city was built.

From tomorrow onwards, I shall devote myself on developing my city. And then, we’ll finally invite some humans.

Chapter 8: The Pact of the First Apple

After we had fulfilled the bare minimum requirements for my dungeon to be classified as one, we decided to end our work.

The first room of the floor underneath my city was set to be guarded by Mithril Golems but those said Golems were still within Marcho's dungeon.

In the off chance that humans came to invade my dungeon, we decided to spend the night in the crystal room and set out in the following morning to pick up our companions who were still in Marcho's dungeon.

"Oto-san, for today's meal, I want some of those red fruits! The crunchy and delicious ones!"

"Master, I like those freshly-baked light brown ones."

"Oh then, I want to eat the yellow soup."

The only food I had at the moment were hardtack biscuits and some dried meat so when I said I was going to make some food using [Creation], the girls told me each of their requests.

It seemed like Kuina wanted some apples; Elder Dwarf some potatoes; and Ancient Elf some corn soup.

Demon Lords and monsters didn't really need to eat meals but they would do so daily for the taste. It was kind of a waste and I rarely did so but using [Creation] for our meal today should be alright.

“Okay. Kuina and Elder Dwarf, your requests can be eaten as they are but would it be better if I took out an already cooked one for you, Ancient Elf?”

“Yup, eating it freshly boiled and with salt gives it the best taste.”

She was quite the connoisseur. It seemed like this girl had her own preferences about things.

As was relayed to me, I took out each of their requests.

“Wah, thank you, Oto-san!”

Kuina immediately sunk her teeth in the delicious-looking apple and then spat out the seeds afterwards. As I watched her, an idea came to me.

“We didn’t see any apples at the city earlier, did we?”

“No, we couldn’t have. As the [Personification of the Planet], I know everything there is to know about nature but I have no knowledge of that fruit. So, it’s either it doesn’t exist in this world or it existed once before but not anymore.”

Ancient Elf declared so.

There was no about it after she put it like that. For some reason though, the part where she said the apples existed once before but not anymore strangely bothered me. Like the phrase was the linchpin to something.

I decided to not mind the thought for the moment.

I then focused back on the seeds which shall become a nice asset for me and picked up the ones Kuina spat out.

“Ah!”

Kuina was surprised and her face her reddened.

“Can you grow these seeds at the farmlands you’ve prepared today?”

The apple was a fruit that was said nutritious enough to keep the doctor away.

It was the perfect fruit for exploring the dungeon where it was likely for an adventurer to lack right amount of vitamins. The apples were juicy too and would help quench their thirst during their exploration.

Its shelf life was quite long too. It could still be eaten a month after it was plucked from its tree.

It was one of the best food for adventurers heading toward the [Time] Demon Lord’s dungeon.

“Let’s see..... I see no problems with its compatibility with the land. And if I accelerate its growth and control the weather, after modifying it with my magic, of course, we should be able to grow it all year round.”

Such a reliable reply.

I was worried about how my city would attract its very first visitors but this had dispelled those fears away.

This shall be how I would encourage immigrants into my city:

1. Sell food, water, and weapons to the adventurers headed toward the dungeon.

2. Make the adventurers spread via word of mouth about the existence of my city as well as about the fact that the city was recruiting immigrants in exchange for exceptional terms.

Should it go as planned, the immigrants and the profit-minded merchants would come.

The things that I could do would increase as more people come to the city.

To accomplish the first step above though, I needed a specialty product that had a lot of appeal. And that was the role to be carried out by the apples.

“It would all be thanks to Kuina for requesting the apples. Thank you, Kuina.”

I said so and then stroked her head.

Her fluffy hair and her soft fox-ears felt good.

“Yay ♪! I’m happy to have helped Oto-san!”

“Ah, that’s just sneaky Kuina-chan. I’m the one that can grow the apples and yet...”

“Yes, that’s right. Great job too, Ancient Elf.”

Ancient Elf unambiguously came near so I also brushed her head. Unlike with Kuina’s hair, hers felt smooth. It still felt great nonetheless.

The lonely-looking Elder Dwarf watched us as we were like that.

And then, as though she just thought up of something, her eyes sparkled and proceeded to pick up a yet-to-be-boiled potato.

“Master, the potato is also very tasty. Plus, there also wasn’t any of it in the city of Eclaba. It will certainly be useful.”

As I heard her talk, I realized that we didn’t see any potato in the city either.

I then turned my gaze toward Ancient Elf.

“Yeah, it’s also something that either never existed at all or it might have in the past but not anymore.”

“Hmm, well, potatoes could be harvested quickly and at large amounts too so it might be a good idea to make the humans who are going to move here grow these.”

The amount of potatoes that could be harvested were at least three times that of wheat.

It was a crop that often lead to continuous cropping ^[1] hazards but with Ancient Elf here, those shouldn’t be a concern.

Also, potatoes were used in a lot of cuisines. It could be eaten boiled, in a soup, as a bread or even as noodles. It was a food that could more than likely revolutionize this world’s eating habits.

Building and running an inn in my city had always been a part of my plans but what if I served some potatoes there and made the immigrants realize how delicious it was? And what if I then told them of how easy it was to grow the crop and of how many could be harvested in a short period of time? Surely they’d fight among themselves on who could grow it first, wouldn’t they?

“Master”

Elder Dwarf, with a sad look on her eyes, called for me as she casted her eyes downward.

Unlike Kuina and Ancient Elf, she was too shy to be able to straightforwardly tell me her requests so I decided to stroke her head without her asking me. Her face slackened as a result.

“Elder Dwarf did great too. Alright, we’ll put the apples and potatoes on sale and make them our specialty products.”

The three girls nodded their heads in assent.

And so, we had now decided what our first actions shall be.



The following morning, we readied ourselves to leave our dungeon.

To that end, we came to the farmlands which was a portion of the first room we modified.

Although I said farmlands, it was still as of yet nothing but empty—albeit fertile—plots of land. To make it into fully-pledged farmlands, plowing it, removing stones and other unnecessary things, installing canals and wells, and many other things still needed to be done. Unfortunately, those things had to wait until our return.

At the moment we were at a slightly elevated hill. I wanted to first make the apple trees grow before we left.

Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf put their hands on the ground and checked the land’s status while also doing some repairs to the land.

They did so in order to make the apples grow healthy.

Ancient Elf then dug a shallow hole, put in the apple seed, and covered back the hole.

And when she clasped her hands together, rainbow-colored water sprung out and was sprinkled into the covered hole little by little.

“You’re a good kid, right? So you’ll show us your vigorous form, right?”

The moment she said that, the plant vigorously sprouted from the ground and stretched to reach the sky.

It grew thick and entangled. And before long, it was an actual tree and grew branches and leaves.

The unripe fruits attached to the tree then turned red.

I knew she was capable of doing such things but I was still amazed by her abilities.

“You did it. You’ve become the first tree to fully grow in this city!”

Ancient Elf, proud, then turned around and flashed a smile.

I looked at the apple tree and noted that it was a splendid tree teeming with vitality. It would surely become the symbol of this city.

I then gently placed my hand on the tree and felt a beat from it. At that exact moment, a red apple fell and caught me by surprise.

Was that just a coincidence? No, it couldn’t have.

I picked up the fallen apple and bit on it.

It didn’t just tasted deliciously bittersweet, it felt as though it energized me up.

I handed the apple I took a bite from to Kuina.

I looked at her and then to the other two.

It looked like what I wanted to say was properly transmitted to them.

Kuina took a bite from the fruit and passed it to Elder Dwarf. Elder Dwarf also took a bite and passed it to Ancient Elf who also took a bite.

The first tree to grow on this city; the first harvest; the special apple we all ate... Some mysterious and strong emotions welled up in my chest. I then realized that it was because I finally built my city.

“Oto-san, I won’t ever forget the taste of that apple.”

“Me too, Kuina. Me too.”

Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf both nodded. It seemed like everyone felt it too.



Now that that was done, we were ready leave.

I made the crow monster make a magical array so that it may be used for [Transfer].

I had heard that [Transfer] could only be used from array to array when

outside of one's own dungeon.

So if we laid down an array here, our journey back would be much easier.

"I'm sorry but Kuina, can I ask you to guard the dungeon until we return?"

"Of course! El-chan and Elf-chan already did their best for the city so it's now Kuina's turn to do her best and protect the dungeon!"

I needed someone to remain and guard the crystal. And Kuina had volunteered herself for this task.

Maybe it was because she wanted to be of help to me and that it was her duty as the head monster.

And so, I decided to return as soon as possible and mounted the Griffon as we left toward Marcho's dungeon.

[1] Continuous cropping: The growing of a single crop species on a field year after year. Apparently, this leads to multiple problems.

Chapter 9: Farewell, Marcho

After flying on top of the Griffon, we finally arrived at Marcho's dungeon.

I managed to stop myself from immediately laying down a [Transfer] magical array. Doing so at another's dungeon was like looking for a backdoor one could enter anytime and thus, it was considered impolite to do so, to say the least, without first obtaining the other Demon Lord's permission.

As soon as we entered the dungeon, the Succubus we were familiar with greeted us and used her own [Transfer] to transport us to where Marcho was.



And the place we were transported to was Marcho's crystal room. Sitting in a throne in that room was the brown-skinned bewitching beauty with a wolf's ears and tail.

She was dressed riskier than usual but it didn't feel strange or indecent to me due to the grace she held.

"Welcome back, Procell. From the look on your face, I take it your inspection went well."

Marcho looked a little bit lonely as she spoke. Was she perhaps reluctant to see me go?

"Yes, it did. That place has satisfied all the necessary conditions to build the city."

Marcho smiled and giggled at that.

“The first time I heard your dream..... *I will build not a dungeon that will prey on the humans’ desire and despair but a city that will house many of them and then provide me their happiness as my meal*, the first time I heard it, I thought you were kidding or something but I didn’t think you were really going through with it. You never do fail to amaze me.”

“It wasn’t a joke. I’ll make it into the best city, no matter what.”

“I have no doubt you will. You are, after all, the kind of man that does what he says he’ll do. And now, I’ve seen you do so. You’ve become a really fine man.”

The mood then turned gloomy and such a mood wasn’t for us. As I thought that, Marcho then cleared her throat, probably an effort to change the flow of the conversation.

“That one behind you, I’ve seen that one if I’m not mistaken. Is it Dantalian’s?”

“He gave it to me. A monster that could use Transfer is helpful so I accepted.”

“I’m sure you’re already aware but that one’s watching you. I’m surprised he’d go this far against a newly born Demon Lord. You should be proud.”

She didn’t say that just out of flattery. The [Time] Demon Lord was such a powerful Demon Lord, merely catching his attention in itself was an achievement.

“Yes, I aware that this monster’s keeping tabs on me but I have no problems with being watched so why not make use of it in the meanwhile?”

“Yes, what a good determination you have. Well then, if you are indeed going to make use of that monster, you may as well go and place a Transfer magical

array within my dungeon. That way, it'll be a little bit easier for you to come and visit me, right? Are you going to move out today?"

"That's the plan. I've already built my city and I can't be away from it for too long."

To be away from one's own dungeon was generally not a good idea.

Also, Kuina was eagerly waiting for our return.

"Is that so? I'll miss you, you know..... I'd like to give you a gift but unfortunately, we, the parents, are forbidden to give you new Demon Lords anything aside from your starting DP and 3 original medals. I hope you can forgive me for that."

"There is nothing to forgive. You have already given me a lot; I'm truly thankful. In fact, I should be the one to give you a gift."

I used [Creation] and produced a diamond necklace. Without it being overlarge, it was an elegant and finely decorated necklace.

The shaping of the diamonds themselves into these faceted gems—otherwise known as diamond cutting which was done in order to bring out the diamonds' true appeal—could not be replicated by anyone else using this world's technology. It was a present that only one person in the world could give: me.

I approached Marcho and put the diamond necklace on her neck.

"These gems will continue to emit their radiance without any change even when a hundred or a thousand years has passed. Just like how our friendship will not change even when I move out and become independent. I will never forget the favors and kindness you've given me. Let this present be a testament to all that."

Who I was at the moment was all thanks to her. She went above and beyond than what was expected of her as my parent.

“...Oh, Procell. How can I not cry after telling me such pleasant things? And I haven’t cried in the past century, you know.”

She smiled as tears flowed down her face.

“I might be forbidden to give you anything tangible but I’ll still give you a little something.”

Marcho stood, approached me, and then leaned on the left side of my body. Her voluminous breasts changed their shapes as she did so. Her fragrant scent was the kind that would drive men into madness.

And then, I felt her soft lips on my cheek.

“How is it, Procell? Did you like my gift?”

I was stupefied for a moment. My head felt so hot, I thought it was going to melt.

“Thanks, Marcho. It’s the best.”

“I’m glad you liked it. Do you now regret not accepting my invitation the other day?”

Truth be told, I had always wanted to say yes to her and this time wasn’t an exception. In the end though, I chose not to.

“A little but I have to go soon. Thanks for everything.”

“I should be the one saying that. It’s been fun. I’ve forgotten about my loneliness while you were here. Come visit me anytime, Procell.”

“Yes, I intend to do so. I’ll invite you as soon as I’ve grown my city enough to receive you. I’m going to give you the grandest welcome that I can give.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it, then. I’m sure you can make me happy to the utmost.”

I then turned around and felt her gaze on me.

“But in the end, I wanted to say one little complain. Giving me who will soon vanish something that will forever remain radiant, isn’t that a little cruel?”

I didn’t turned around and Marcho didn’t expect me to either. They were those kind of words.

I looked at my palm as I walked.

I thought about the bonus I received during the side show I participated in together with Stolas.

Originally, it was a power that could only be used twice for saving my monsters or for strengthening them. However, it might also be possible to use it to extend Marcho’s life.

...but that would contradict logic. That might be why Marcho had warned me that it was dangerous ability.



After my conversation with Marcho, I went to the residential area we were

using.

In there, Wight and the Dwarf Smiths were busy working.

“My lord, you’ve returned.”

“Yes, I came to get you guys. I have, without incident, built my dungeon... rather, my city.”

“That’s splendid. I will do by best for the new city.”

Wight declared so with a motivated voice as he did his usual elegant bow.

“Has the work I asked you to do advanced smoothly?”

“It has. While my lord has been away, the Dwarf Smiths and the Golems have carried out the mining with all their might.”

The reason why I didn’t bring Wight along was because I had entrusted him to supervise all the work that involved the monsters that remained.

The minerals that could be gotten from a [Mine] was relative to Demon Lord’s level and Marcho was a first-class Demon Lord so the minerals from her [Mine] were first-class too. These minerals included Mithril, Orihalcum, and Adamantium.

I wanted to get the best possible materials as much as possible since the best ones that could be gotten from my [Mine] at my current level was mithril.

On top of being able to continue mining without sleeping, the Golems were strong. Meanwhile, the Dwarf Smiths were able to pinpoint the best mining spots. For these reasons, they were able to mine with great efficiency.

“How about the other one?”

“It too went well. If you’ll follow me this way.”

I did as he said and followed him.

The place he guided me to was a building that we were using as a storehouse.

In there, the Skeletons silently worked. Since they were able to do detailed work because of Wight, I tasked them to build explosives. They mixed some chemicals I made using [Creation] with the minerals processed by the Dwarf Smiths.

The recipe itself was made by Elder Dwarf and was simplified as much as it could be so that even the Skeletons could make them. That way, the bombs would be lighter and in greater numbers than if made via [Creation]. A larger number of bombs meant it could be used not only for defense but also for offense.

I built my city in order to make use of the humans’ happiness but the ones that would live in my city wouldn’t be able to fight so I understood that a great deal of money, power, and blood were needed in order to achieve peace.

“You did well, Wight. I can do my best thanks to your efforts.”

He didn’t stand out but he was helpful in a lot of places.

He was the leader of the bottom half of my monsters. They, not just the Undead monsters, looked up to him. He effortlessly managed to coordinate them while I was away.

“I am undeserving of such praise. I simply obey your commands, no matter what it might be.”

“Are you sure you should be saying that? I might order you to do something absurd, you know.”

“That’s not possible. If it’s my wise lord’s order, it surely could be done. Should I fail at carrying it out, I have nothing to blame but my own incompetence. And so, I hope to live up to your expectations.”

Really now, after saying such things like that, he put a lot of pressure on me, didn’t he? That pressure though, was something I didn’t mind having.

After the crow monster finished drawing the Transfer magical array, the array glowed which meant that we could now use it to instantly transfer to the array back at my city.

“Wight, that crow monster is my new... ally, in a certain meaning.”

“Yes, I get what you’re trying to say. We shouldn’t let our guards down around that one.”

“You understood what I meant?”

“Yes, I have spent time with a lot of Undead monsters so reading the subtleties of anyone’s emotions is a specialty of mine.”

“I see. It’s certainly true we shouldn’t let our guards down around the crow monster but it has a convenient ability so let’s make use of it.”

Wight was truly excellent. So excellent in fact, that I sometimes have feelings of regret. He was a commander of my forces but his own fighting capabilities weren’t so great: he was a static-leveled B rank monster and could therefore not grow any further than that. I had thought more than once on whether I should have made like Kuina and the others.

...And now, I had the power to do just that within my hands.

“My lord, forgive me but I there’s something I wish to say to you. I like the way I currently am. It might be conceited of me but I trust that I could live up to

your expectations. And, besides, there are things I could do that your girls couldn't so even if this body is weak, I shall not lament over it."

".....You can read not just the monster's minds but mine as well?"

"It's because I am trying really hard to understand my lord whom I adore and respect."

My heart grew a little lighter and I wanted to ask him all the more.

"But what if it could all be redone? I can only do it twice but I can re-do a monster's [Synthesis] with their memories intact. It's a power I got from the Creator. If you want, I can remake you into a strong monster just like Kuina and the others."

It was the power I got from the Creator as a special bonus.

It allowed me to transform a target, after gaining their consent, into a medal. Furthermore, if this medal was used in Synthesis, the target's memories prior to turning into a medal could be passed on.

Should a monster suffer a fatal wound, I could revive it by temporarily turning it into a medal.

Of course, it was possible to not only to save the one that suffered a fatal wound but to also remake and strengthen them.

However, I could only do so twice.

I thought that it was alright to use one of those two times on Wight.

"That will be unnecessary. I'm repeating myself but I like the way I currently am. And that's why, my lord, please do not use that power for me."

"But..."

“It’s alright. However, if in case you were put in harm’s way and pass away due to my inability to protect you, please do use that power. I would not be able to go on living knowing that I’ve failed you, my lord.”

They were such powerful words conveying his loyalty to me.

“Fuu. Sometimes I’m not really sure which of us is the Demon Lord. I’ll be relying on you, *Staff officer*.”

I stated his exact role rather than referring to him as the leader of the bottom half of my forces.

Even though he wouldn’t be one of my [Monsters of the Covenant], I wanted to show him that I regarded him highly.

I didn’t know whether my sentiments got across to him but his eyes that should have been devoid of anything, especially of emotions, had a fire burning within them.

“I am honored to be assigned such an important role.”

“I’m expecting a lot from you, Wight. And as such, I am issuing you an order right away. Let’s start moving out. Assemble everyone.”

“Yes, my lord!”

And just like that, we transferred as much monsters as the magic array allowed. Those that couldn’t make it waited in a queue. The crow monster was only able to travel back and forth arrays for a total of four times a day. Additionally, a total of only five Golems could be transferred all at once so it was impossible for us to finish our move in a single day but slow and steady was the way.

And so, we had begun to earnestly move out of Marcho's dungeon.

Chapter 10: The Nearly-Completed City

After my audience with Marcho, we began our move out of her dungeon and into my city. All in all, it took us four days to transport all the Golems, weapons, and explosives.

Halfway through our move, Succubus informed us that Marcho had given us permission to make a Transfer array in the [Crimson Cavern] so that we might use it to level up. At the same time, she had also permitted us to break the crystal being guarded there.

That dungeon was currently known to make nearly 40 new monsters each day. My main monsters were able to level up—as opposed to static levels—so for us, it was the ideal hunting ground. It was, at the moment, far more beneficial for us to use it keep it as a steady hunting ground than to break its crystal.

Additionally, I had a surplus of unused original medals because I didn't have a single [Creation] medal to synthesize them with. These were the [Dragon], [Time], and [Water] medals. After I had used these up, I intended to seriously conquer that dungeon. I believed we could do it so by then.

Anyway, at the moment, we were diligently building the many infrastructures in my city.

For the last four days, Elder Dwarf had built about 20 houses for the humans to live in.

That was astonishing but there were still the wells, the outer walls, the

farmlands, the waterways, and many more that needed to be developed.

“Master, the construction of the waterways is going fine. It can be completed by the end of the day.”

As I was thinking about those things, Elder Dwarf spoke to me.

She held a notebook PC on her hands, displaying some plans and their progress reports. I decided to peer down on them.

“Looking good. I want the city finished after three days’ time. It will be hard but I believe you can do it.”

“Yes, understood. We will do our best.”

Elder Dwarf nodded her head in agreement.

“You’ve left the building of the walls to your followers?”

“There’s no problem even if the outer walls are somewhat crude so they should be more than enough for that.”

The outer walls that would surround the entire city was being built at the same time as the water ways.

Elder Dwarf and the Dwarf Smith, together with Ancient Elf and the High Elves,—or the monsters that could use earth-type magic—had already piled up earth and stones atop each other. They had also slightly fortified it.

The duty to form the walls and to further strengthen then fell to the Dwarf Smiths.

If the walls were to be built without the use of magic, it would have probably

taken years to finish.

“Yeah, they do have strong magical powers after all.”

“They’ve surpassed me in terms of levels. It’s unfair.”

The Dwarf Smiths were able to level up and they were now close to their maximum level. The reason for that was the war I had with [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas.

To be precise, it was because the ownership of the Mithril Golems who had defeated Stolas’ followers was transferred to the Dwarf Smiths. That meant that all the experience points that was supposed to go Elder Dwarf were also transferred to the Dwarf Smiths. The reason I did so was because Elder Dwarf was to go with me at the time and was therefore too far away to receive her follower’s experience points.

“Elder Dwarf, you can level up bit by bit. Once the city’s stable though, let’s go level you up in earnest.”

“Mhm.”

Elder Dwarf silently burned with enthusiasm.

I then looked around: the Golems and Skeletons were restlessly working all over the area. They were probably under Wight’s orders. Leaving it to him was the right choice.

In order to ready the farmlands, the Golems vigorously ploughed the land while the Skeletons removed the pebbles and other unnecessary things. They—not familiar with the concept of fatigue and thus worked for 24 hours straight—

were a valuable part of my forces.

“Elder Dwarf, I’ve forgotten to tell you but I intend to make the Golems another selling point for this city. So, I’m gonna have to ask you to increase their production.”

The Golems were made only through Elder Dwarf’s skill. She could only make one of them each day but in return, she had never failed to do so.

“Master, the Dwarf Smiths are able to make Golems too so I had gotten them making some as well. However, the ones they make can only be as strong as C rank monsters.”

“So that’s why there’s so many of them right now. C rank is strong enough. Their quantity is more important for now. Elder Dwarf really is smart.”

In my city, the Golems were to serve as its heavy machinery as well as its guards. And now, they would also be another of the city’s selling points.

In this world and at its present age, farmers would sometimes rent some horses to make their job a little easier. But the horses took time, effort, and money to be looked after and were thus considered to be luxuries. Golems, on the other hand, were both stronger and easier to use than a horse. So, if the farmers heard that they could utilize the Golems free of charge, I imagine they’d be very fascinated.

The Golems also appealed greatly as guards. In this world where monsters ran rampant, being safe was the first step toward a great life. That was why almost all the cities were surrounded by walls with guards posted on them.

A city with a Golem—that had the strength of a B rank monster—guarding it would be appealing to most people. Appealing even more would be the ability for anyone to rent one of these Golems to guard them whenever they went to

another city.

According to Marcho, a first-class adventurer could single-handedly defeat a D rank monster while a seasoned veteran could handle as much as a C rank one. B ranks onward, however, were mostly beyond the capabilities of a single human except for the Champions and the Heroes that could take on even an A rank monster.

The Golems that could take on even those seasoned veterans were going to guard my city 24 hours a day each day without any need for sleep. Furthermore, the Golems didn't require any sort of upkeep for me to pay.

Most of all, their presence would encourage public order. It was, after all, impossible to keep public order in a city which has immigrants as its core without an armed force dedicated to keeping it. Any fellow that would aim to disrupt the peace of a city where the Golems were spread out to protect it would be a very reckless fellow.

"But master, is it fine to just casually show something like a monster-made Golem? The fact that this city is part of a dungeon might be found out."

Her concerns could be called valid but for this particular instance, it was not needed.

"It's alright. Other than being monsters, dwarves are also known as demi-humans. So there's no need to hide."

Monsters that looked like humans were often assumed as beings called demi-humans.

Long ago, the monsters made by a Demon Lord went outside of their

dungeon, bred, and increased their numbers. They then established themselves as one of this world's races.

For that reason, if we told the humans the plain truth which was that our city's dwarves were of a superior kind and they were the ones that made the Golems, they would think nothing of it.

"I'm relieved, then. I'll go and make a lot of Golems."

"Yes, please. Oh, those guys should be coming back anytime now."

As I said so, Kuina, along with Ancient Elf, the High Elves, the Mythological Foxes, and the crow monster appeared from a house built a size larger. That house that will shall serve as the city head's house was where the Transfer arrays were located. The arrays lead to the places we were able to instantly travel to like: the [Crimson Cavern] which was our hunting ground; to Marcho's dungeon; and to the nearby city of Eclaba which we shall visit more often.

Kuina spinted toward our direction.

"Oto-san, we did our best today too."

She then jumped into my chest. The smell of gunpowder and the smell of battle came from Kuina.

"Good job, Kuina. Ancient Elf, the High Elves, and the Mythological Foxes are steadily growing."

"They're not as strong as Kuina but they'll never lose to any normal enemy."

They were just born so they still had low levels. For that reason, led by Kuina,

they went to the [Crimson Cavern] to raise their levels. Each day, they hunted the red-hot monsters there as quick as possible and then returned here to continue on their daily tasks.

Developing the city was important but training them was equally as important.

I usually went with them but today was too hectic so I didn't have the chance to go. After all, whenever a monster of a party that belonged to a Demon Lord defeats a monster or a human, the Demon Lord can get the DP. However, this transfer of DP, like the transfer of a follower's experience points, had a limit area of effect. In other words, unless I went with them to the dungeon, I would not be able to get any DP. As of late, I was gaining approximately about 1,000DP daily.

"With everyone equipped, they sure look tough."

"Uuugh, the Mythological Foxes are mean. Kuina has recommended the shotgun to them but they still chose the easier-to-use assault rifle."

"I understand their choice though. It has better range and better clip size too."

"But then, it lacks some **BANG** so that's no fun."

The Mythological Foxes equipped themselves with assault rifles while the High Elves favored the anti-materiel rifles. At first, Kuina tried to make the Mythological Foxes use the shotgun but it seemed they found it hard to use and opted for a gun similar to Elder Dwarf's M&K MK417, the MR762A1, instead. It was easier to use; had a caliber of 7.62mm; and had high offensive capabilities so it was very versatile.

Nevertheless.....

"How did it turn out like this?"

The Mythological Foxes and the High Elves were all beautiful girls. They might be a bit inferior to Kuina and the others but they were plenty cute. Their appearance suggested they were in their mid-to late-teens. Now that I had reached this point, I guess that meant that I really was cursed.

“My master, we’ve returned. Just as I thought, shooting this beast is fun. I pull the trigger and it goes **BOOM!** I can get addicted to this!”

Ancient Elf got close before I knew it.

She was ecstatically hugging her anti-materiel rifle as she uttered those subtly eerie words.

“Wow that does sound super fun.”

“It is! The more I shoot, the more intense the sensations become. More, I want to shoot more!”

“The Maelstroms only produces a monster a day so do it in moderation. Besides, don’t you have work to do?”

“Oh yeah. I love this gun but I love nature more. Ah, the water ways are almost done.”

Ancient Elf then walked over to Elder Dwarf and they discussed various things. Afterwards, they walked along the waterways as they used magic at each vital point.

Where Elder Dwarf’s earth magic lacked, Ancient Elf made up for.

And then...

The two of them turned around and firmly held their fingers up.

Was it finished?

“Should we let the water flow now?”

“Yes, let’s.”

“According to my calculations, it’s perfectly fine.”

The two gave me such reliable replies.

And so, Ancient Elf activated her magic.

The waterways would basically use underground water and rain water as its sources of water.

In case of a water shortage, Ancient Elf and the High Elves could just make it rain a moderate amount to compensate. So in truth, a water shortage was absolutely never going to happen in my city.

The conduits that held back the waters were opened and the water powerfully gushed forth.

A clear stream of water then flowed through the farmlands the Golems and the Skeletons were working on. With this, the crops should grow well.

Also, we were now ready to accept farmers at any moment.

Our city now had fertile farmlands and reliable sources of water. By tomorrow’s end, the planting of the seeds, the acceleration of their growth via Ancient Elf’s powers, and the promotion of our lands that promised an abundant harvest could all be done.

I then looked toward the inner part of the city and saw the city’s symbol.

The splendid apple tree bore numerous red apples that needed to be picked soon.

There were a lot of things that needed to be done.

“Everyone, I have another job for all of you. After it’s done, let’s go take a bath at a hot spring and then eat a meal.”

“Yay ♪! Looking forward to the hot spring!”

“That sounds nice. I’m glad it’s made.”

“It was surprising when the hot spring appeared, wasn’t it? It might be an effect of the Mine floor adjacent to this one. Let’s work a little bit more so that we can enjoy the hot spring!”

And like that, the development of my city continued.

The sense of accomplishment at its gradual completion felt great.

I was also looking forward to the hot spring that would wash the day’s fatigue away.

Chapter 11: Hot spring

Our work for the day was over.

The infrastructures were in place so we now planned on focusing on the commerce side of things starting tomorrow. The apples and the hard breads would serve as our city's products alongside the weapons that Elder Dwarf prepared. Thinking of additional interesting things to put on sale was a necessary task too.

Leaving that aside.....

“Hot spring! ♪”

Yes, a hot spring.

Around the second day of our city's development, Ancient Elf mentioned to me that the water under the ground was flowing strangely. When she went to investigate it, she discovered that there was a natural wellspring there. She dug it up and we built a public bath house for the city using the simple designs suggested by Elder Dwarf.

I thought that a public bathhouse such as this was needed for the health and enjoyment of the people of this city so it was a huge blessing. Health and entertainment aren't its only purpose though; it would also serve as an inn that would help attract the humans. For those reasons, we put in the effort and completed the bath house. I prioritized resistance to degradation and ease of maintenance so the pool itself was built of stone.

By the way, in regards to the natural wellspring, Elder Dwarf devised a pump that would draw the water up while also diluting it down. There was a need for diluting it because this city's wellspring was affected by the elves' blessing and therefore had a far higher concentration of minerals than an ordinary wellspring.

“Oto-san, you’re so slow.”

Kuina pulled my hand as she urged me to hurry up. I couldn’t help myself from smiling wryly at her.

We then entered the public bathhouse and proceeded to the changing area. She instantly and unabashedly threw her clothes off while Elder Dwarf, on the other hand, looked slightly embarrassed as she slowly took off her clothes. Meanwhile, Ancient Elf smiled as she watched the two. By the time they were done changing, I was instantly undressed. I seemed to not have any trouble with being seen naked.

“Oto-san, let’s go!”

“Master, hurry up.”

“Kuina and Elder Dwarf both look so cute. *drool*”

I nodded at them and headed toward the bath.

By the way, my clothes were made of magic power so I didn’t need to change. Whenever I dismiss my clothing, my body would absorb the magical energies. In a way, this too was an ability of a Demon Lord. And as the Demon Lord grows stronger, so too will his equipment.



When we entered the bath, clouds of steam were rising. At the center of it all was the pool made of stone.

Kuina, naked and tail swinging, neared the pool of water. Having an appearance of a 12 or maybe 13 year old girl, her growth was going along nicely. As her father though, I think I would want her to show some kind of embarrassment soon.

I then turned my gaze at the silver-haired Elder Dwarf that looked the same

age as Kuina. She was a beauty with a flat chest but rather than likening her to a little girl, it would be better to say she was as slender as a sprite.

“Master, don’t look at me like that. It’s embarrassing.”

That was the right kind of embarrassment I would like Kuina to also display.

“Master, what are you spacing out for?”

Something softly collided with my back. It was Ancient Elf who came to embrace me.

“Ancient Elf? Can you not do something like this when you’re naked, at the very least?”

“It’s master so there’s no problem. I’m glad master’s back is so big.”

She looked slightly older than Kuina and the others at around 14 or maybe 15 years old. Her figure was greatly more mature compared to them as well. To be specific, she had large breasts.

Clinging onto my back, her womanly charms were through the roof.

“I get it so let me go.”

Despite being my own creation, I had no control over her base personality. I might forget myself if she does something more than this.

“Alright. Fufufu. Master has given me the cold shoulder so it looks like I have

to show my love for Kuina-chan and El-chan instead, don't I?"

Like a beast eyeing its prey, Ancient Elf looked at Kuina and Elder Dwarf.

Kuina's tail then stood on end while Elder Dwarf's spine tingled.

It was a relatively serious matter.

At any case though, Kuina, after pouring hot water over her head, was the first to head to the pool and submerge in it. She then displayed an ecstatic face. So cute.

"Let's go, shall we? Otherwise, Kuina will be dizzy before we even get in the water."

"That's certainly so."

"Yeah, right? I want to be in the water with everyone at the same time."

And so, we poured hot water on ourselves and submerged in the water.



"AH! El-chan, no! That's my spot!"

"First come, first serve. Kuina is always enjoying this spot but today, today is my turn."

I leaned my back to a wall and spread my legs open but the moment she got in the water, Elder Dwarf slid her small body in the space created by my open legs. Kuina was usually the one to do something like this. Just when I thought Elder Dwarf was strangely sticking close to me, it turned out she was just aiming to do this before Kuina even had a chance.

"Uggghh. Kuina's spot...."

Said Kuina as glared toward us.

“Now, now. The early bird gets the early worm so there’s no helping it. Kuina-chan, let me make up for your loneliness, okay?”

Ancient Elf happily hugged Kuina from behind. Moreover, she restlessly moved her hands and caressed various places. As a result, Kuina leaked out a passionate gasp but immediately replaced it with grim expression.

“Only Oto-san is allowed to do something like that. Plus, Elf-chan, touching me only on weird places makes me hate it all the more.”

Kuina shook her body and broke free of the hold she was in. She then went my way. When I wondered what she was about to do, she lightly pushed Elder Dwarf to the right, slipped in to the space that was created, and then leaned on me.

The feeling of her tail made wet by the water on the pool and on my skin; the feeling of the girls leaning their back on me... it all felt great.

“The two of you are small enough to both fit here.”

“But today’s my turn.”

“We don’t have go by the pecking order, El-chan.”

“...I’ll remember those words. The next time you’re about to act like a spoiled child, I’ll bounce those words back to you.”

“Ugh, O-okay.”

At that, Elder Dwarf smiled. Kuina was sly but were full of openings which were occasionally exploited by Elder Dwarf.

“Master, I’m jealous. I want to be loved together with Kuina-chan and El-chan.”

“Yeah, come here.”

Relaxing at a hot spring and enjoying the warmth coming from the girls, this was the life.

“Hug us tightly like you always do.”

“That’s a good idea. Master, please.”

I was powerless before their request and wrapped my arms around the two of them. I felt their soft bodies on my arms as I tightened my embrace on each passing moment.

Hot springs are wonderful, I thought as I savored the moment’s bliss. However, as time passed, problems arose. Problems that stemmed from me being a man. *I have to endure*, I urged myself.

“We should get out soon.”

“No—! The bath feels good, let’s stay a bit longer.”

“Do you not want to stay like this anymore, master?”

The girls gave out their undebatable requests. There was no way I could have turned them down after they put it like that. However, the fact remained that I was in a serious pinch. Thankfully, at that moment, a goddess of salvation appeared.

“Master, Kuina-chan, El-chan, I made something interesting so that we can fully enjoy the bath.”

The goddess in question was Ancient Elf who was holding three bamboo containers.

“First, take this Kuina-chan and El-chan.”

She poured some kind of honey-colored liquid into cups and handed them to the two. Drawn by the beverage’s fragrance, the two separated from me.

“It’s sweet, sour, and delicious. Thanks, Elf-chan.”

“It’s cold. Drinking it inside the bath is the best.”

I guessed that those bamboo containers perhaps contained ice-cold apple juice. Also, since Kuina was not aware of anything about it, I guessed that Ancient Elf borrowed the Mythological Foxes’ abilities. She was fond of beautiful women so naturally she interacted not only with her direct subordinates, the High Elves, but also with the Dwarf Smiths and the Mythological Foxes as well.

For some reason, she was strangely liked. Unlike her equals, Kuina and Elder Dwarf, the followers view Ancient Elf as an existence far higher than their own.

“And this one’s for us.”

She presented another bamboo container which also had a liquid in it. This time however it had some foaming in it.

“Can this really be?”

“You’ll enjoy drinking it.”

I filled myself with expectations as I drank from my cup.

“This is some fine alcohol.”

Yes, what she made was alcohol. The drink gave me the impression that it was a strong alcoholic drink with the refreshing feeling of both apple and carbonated drinks.

Its taste and aftertaste both tasted really tasty. It seemed like I could drink to my heart’s content.

The cold drink spread throughout my burning-hot body.

“That’s right. Just eating apples raw is boring and especially since there were some nice yeast around, I decided to ferment the apples.”

“You’re certainly right about this being for us. It’s still too early for Kuina and Elder Dwarf to have this.”

When I said those words, Ancient Elf chuckled and then whispered into my ear.

“Yeah, they’re still too young for the alcohol, among other things. If you’d like, you can also enjoy those other things with me.”

She whispered so and immediately separated from me. She then drank from her cup as she gave me a satisfied looking smile.

“No, like those girls, you’re my precious daughter so of course I won’t do something weird to you. Ahem, moving on, I didn’t know you could make something like alcohol.”

“Yes, it’s a specialty of mine.”

Alcohols are things made by borrowing the power of nature so Ancient Elf obviously, in retrospect, could make some. And alcohol this fine was sure to get attention.

“It looks like this will also sell well, wouldn’t it? Can you make many of it?”

“Yes, it will be easy with my abilities.”

A reliable reply.

And then, I noticed something strange with my body. My body felt immensely lighter and all my fatigue gone. It could be attributed to the effects of the hot spring, I supposed, but it wouldn’t have been this direct. Just what on earth, I wondered.

“Ancient Elf, did you put anything special in this drink? My body feels strangely better.”

“Nothing at all. It’s the effects of the fruit itself. The fruit born out of the apple tree which I, an Ancient Elf, blessed with all my strength from when it was a seed. It’s no longer an ordinary apple tree, you see.”

I remembered that scene where she poured rainbow-colored water into the seed.

“Then, how about if I eat apples normally?”

“If you do, then firstly, your self-regenerative abilities will drastically improve. Any light illnesses will be cured in one go and your resistance to diseases will also improve. You will also recover from any fatigue and make you harder to be fatigued as well. Eating nothing but one apple could sustain you for the whole day.”

I was slightly overwhelmed. It wasn't an apple anymore but rather a sort of magic potion. It certainly had wonderful effects but it seemed like it would be too conspicuous.

“I am little troubled on whether it's alright to sell the apples to the humans.”

It would be the hot topic among adventurers in no time at all. There was even the possibility that a war would seriously break out for the apples.

“If that's the case, then it'll be alright. Only the first tree would have the strong effects. The rest will still have similar effects, just toned down. If I seriously bless every single one of them, no matter how much magic power I have, it will never be enough anyways. It's better too that only the first tree would have the full set of effects because that tree's the special tree in our memories, right?”

That relieved me of my concerns. If the most the fruit could do was relieve a little fatigue, heal a wound just a little bit faster than normal, and sate one's hunger a little better, I would have little to no problem offering it to the humans.

“I’m relieved to hear that. Nothing less of the race that lives along with nature, the Ancient Elves.”

It seemed to me that she was far stronger than I had expected and the current situation had made me realize that again.

“Fufufu. I’m an amazing monster too, aren’t I, master?”

She said as she swelled her ample breasts. In that moment, Kuina interjected.

“Elf-chan, what’s in the last container? Kuina’s looking forward to it!”

That reminded me that Ancient did bring along 3 bamboo containers.

Seeing that the first two contained some delicious juice and alcohol, I had no doubt the last one would also be something fantastic.

“Ta-dah! It’s some apple sorbet! When I was talking with master some time ago, something like this came up so I tried to make some. After I added some honey into the grated apples, I whipped the mixture as I froze it.”

With a smile on her face, she distributed everyone’s portion. When I took a mouthful, I found that it had the right amount of sweet and sour. The juice and alcohol were fine treats but this sorbet was out of this world. It made being in the hot spring even more appealing.

Kuina and Elder Dwarf seemed especially charmed, their eyes sparkling as they ate the apple sorbet.

Like this, we leisurely passed the time in the hot spring.

The combination of the hot spring and the juice, alcohol, and sorbet made of apples would serve as one of this city's attractions and help entice lure in people to stay a night at the inn.

Ancient Elf had performed splendidly today. So much so that it almost made me lose face as her father. *I should be more mindful from now on.*

Chapter 12: Elder Dwarf's Product Development

Six days had passed since the founding of my city.

In the next day, we planned to start earnestly recruiting humans.

Unusual as it was, I was alone as I patrolled the city since my subordinates were busy in each of their final preparations.

The water ways were already laid out in the city while the wells were also in place. Finally, we had also prepared the about 50 private houses and plenty of well-ploughed farmlands. The materials used to build these houses were the trees grown with Ancient Elf's abilities along with the stones and metals gathered from the mine in the second room.

"Yup, the view looks good."

I was surveying the farmlands from a small hill where the field we were growing our prized apples. The wheat grown in a section of the farmlands were ready to be harvested. It was ready so quickly because Ancient Elf once again employed her abilities to accelerate their growth. I hoped that this could convince the human immigrant candidates that our city had fertile farmlands.

Also, the unnaturally intimidating Golems were posted throughout the city. Acting as this city's guards and keepers of the peace, about twenty of them were deployed. But by no means was that their total number as the rest of the Golems were still digging in the mines even at this moment.

Just as predicted, a good amount of silver and iron could be gathered from the mine. In, contrast, gold could only be gotten once in a while and mithril was even scarcer. As for rarer metals, they simply couldn't be mined at all. These predictions about the maximum output of the mines were given by the dwarves based on the fact that the quality of the ores gathered from a mine are relative to the Demon Lord's strength which I apparently lacked and must make up for.

"All that said, a silver mine in itself is already good enough, isn't it?"

Silver coins were the main form of currency circulating at the human city so in short, just by mining, we were gaining their form of money. The [Mine] was a dungeon's mine so there was no fear of it ever drying up either. I just needed to be careful to not get carried away and crash the market for silver but other than that, I was certain it was going to be one of this town's essential industries.

The town also had five special buildings. The first of which was the city leader's home. Other than the transfer arrays laid out in there, it also featured a considerably large conference room. Of course, it was mine but the ones to also live there included Kuina, Elder Dwarf, and Ancient Elf. In order for us to be able live most comfortably, I used [Creation] and made the finest furnishings.

My other monsters were given a house according to their race. That was except for the undead monsters which included Wight. They lived in the residential area in the second room of the second floor. This room was set to function as a part of the dungeon proper. It was a room that made full use of the undead army's strength and that was also filled with nothing but traps and other things that would serve to help them.

It was a quite a brutal room because it was made under the assumption that the enemy would get past the Mithril Golems + heavy machineguns combo of the room before it.

“Well then, I better get going.”

I mumbled to myself as I headed towards the second special building.



“You’re hard at work as ever, Elder Dwarf.”

“I want to complete the improvement of the weapons I wasn’t able to attend to recently.”

Her fingers flew across the keyboard on her PC as it ran a drafting software. As far as I could see from the opened draft, it seemed she was thinking of how to improve the anti-materiel rifle being used by Ancient Elf.

“I am of the opinion that the Pallet ML82A1 being used by Ancient Elf could not be improved any further but just how do you intend to do so?”

“It certainly is an exceedingly good rifle. It’s almost a form of art. You may be right, master, but that is only if it wasn’t Elf-chan using it.”

“Care to elaborate?”

“Mhm. In order for her gun’s bullets to follow a straight trajectory, its barrel is made awfully long but with a barrel made of wind Elf-chan imagined into being, the bullet would go straight and therefore making it alright to completely remove the barrel.”

It was an extremely bold idea.

For her gun to provide better accuracy and flatter bullet trajectory, its gun barrel was lengthened at the cost of it becoming considerably heavier and more cumbersome. Also, due to the centrifugal force produced, it was harder to swing left and right. It wasn’t a gun originally designed to be carried around so those things weren’t too much of a flaw, really.

“Also, although the mechanism to reduce the recoil is excellent, it is also complex which results to the decrease of the recoil’s intensity but also to the increase of the gun’s weight and the chances of it breaking down. Simplifying it would resolve those issues and have it still working as intended as Ancient Elf she could simply employ an air cushion to dampen the recoil. I see no alternatives other than that; increasing the output firepower with the old complex mechanism is impossible. It is a difficult choice but one that must be done in order to use the more powerful mithril bullets.”

“That would certainly be a downgrade for anyone other than Ancient Elf. After all, it would have severe recoil and horrible bullet trajectory.”

“Precisely. But for Ancient Elf, the loss of the long, heavy gun barrel would result to it being more balanced, stable, and not as easily affected by centrifugal force, therefore making it easier to aim with. It would also result in an increase to her mobility. As for the part about simplifying the recoil, it would increase the recoil but also reduce the chances of the mechanism breaking down and give it better reliability. I intend to replace the materials it is made of to mithril to make it stronger while also making it lighter. Also, I’ll increase its magazine capacity.”

She was rationally and thoroughly considering her options for her plan to modify the anti-materiel rifle.

“The bullets will be more powerful too. After all, the power of the special bullets that uses mithril powder should be nearly twice as powerful as the normal ones. If the initial velocity of the bullet is increased, the range it could traverse should also increase. However, after doing away with the complex recoil mechanism, this monster of a gun would usable to no one except Elf-chan.”

“It seems like that girl will be pleased.”

There was no way Ancient Elf, the trigger-happy sniping idiot, wouldn’t be

happy after knowing that her gun became easier to use, has an increased magazine size and range.

“That’s pretty much my plans on remodeling the gun. As a final note, I’ll also try using Enchant magic this time around. My level wasn’t high enough when I made Kuina’s gun but as I am right now, I should be able to apply some to it.”

“I’m looking forward to it. How about the other job I gave you?”

“Mm. I gave the recipe for that to my followers. It’s going fine.”

Elder Dwarf stood and led me to an inner room of the workshop. There, a furnace burned with crackling flames. In the middle of workshop designed by Elder Dwarf herself, the two Dwarf Smiths worked to forge a sword. Leaning on the wall behind them were dozens of swords.

“It certainly is going well.”

“Mm. We are making swords with about the same materials as that shop in Eclaba, only ours are a rank better. The swords are mainly iron with only a little bit of mithril mixed in.”

I wanted to conserve our current stock of mithril but on the other hand, adventurers didn’t place much trust on iron swords. And so, this was the result of that compromise.

The concept might appear similar to the ones sold in the city but since these swords are made using the formula made by Elder Dwarf herself, there was no contest between them. The difference being it wasn’t a downgraded sword just to save on mithril but a sword made of an actual quality alloy.

There was nothing to be done about its weight but the sharpness and durability was comparable to a true mithril sword.

“If we have this many, we will have no trouble in our stocks. You’ve helped us a lot.”

“We can have another thirty done by tomorrow. These ones are of excellent quality.”

A reliable reply.

As far as the weapons were concerned, I need not worry.

However, among the swords leaning on the wall, there was one that stood out.

“What’s that?”

“It’s the prototype I made using all of my skill. The alloy used in it is made from the orihalcum and mithril gathered from the [Beast] Demon Lord’s Mine as its core. The alloy was that way not because I was being stingy on orihalcum but because it was necessary to make the finest alloy with the materials at hand. It is also endowed with Enchant magic to increase its durability and its slashing ability .”

I picked it up and felt an extraordinarily dreadful feeling from its blade. It was a beautiful silver magic sword that specialized in slashing. Furthermore, it was unbelievably light. As to be expected of a work done by her, an S rank monster, when she gives it her all. Her skills were probably at a height no human could ever dream of reaching their entire lives. Not to mention, this sword alone would undoubtedly fetch a price most them won’t ever attain even if they work for it their whole life.

“May we also sell this?”

“Fine by me; I can just make another. But is it really alright to sell it to the

humans? Borrowing master's words, this sword is too strong."

I certainly mentioned before that selling a weapon that was too strong would be the cause of much conflicts but...

"We'll only use it attract customers. We'll put a price tag on it that no one could ever afford. Just by displaying the sword, it would increase the sales of the other swords."

All of the shop's items would increase in value if it seemed like our shop was the shop of an expert blacksmith who could forge such a sword.

"I understand but I have one request."

"What is it?"

"That sword yearns to be wielded by a swordsman. I wish to sell it only after a swordsman I approve of appears. This is my request even if the swordsman turns out to be a human."

"Alright, we would only sell it then."

With that, the list of things that we needed to talk about was finished.

I had ensured that the weapons made by the dwarves were complete and ready to act as one of my city's main products.

"Also, master, I finished the disguise. This disguise should do the trick."

"Thanks again, Elder Dwarf."

I received the special disguise Elder Dwarf made and decided to examine it later. It was an important item to allow my important staff officer to work freely

even after the humans have come.

And so, I headed onto the next location, onto where Kuina was. Wight should also be there.

“Well then, I’m off to the next spot. Don’t work yourselves too hard.”

“Mm. Ahm, master, I mean, after the sword are completely ready,”

Elder Dwarf tried hard to say something but was hindered by her hesitation. I kind of knew what she was trying to say though.

“Yeah, I’ll praise you a lot. So, do your best, Elder Dwarf.”

“Yes, I will.”

And so, I left the workshop.

Chapter 13: Avalon

My next destination was the third of the five special buildings within my town: the store. It was placed in a spot that was easy to take notice of as soon as one entered the city.

It was a big shop that dealt with the selling of foodstuff and also the weapons made by the dwarves.

The foodstuff available were the raw apples; the alcohol made by Ancient Elf; the long-lasting, hard-baked, and salt-seasoned bread; water; and the dried meat bought from the human city. Other than the apples, each one was necessary in dungeon exploration. I had every reason to believe that each item would be popular since our city was situated right in the middle of the [Time] Demon Lord's dungeon and the gigantic commercial city of Eclaba.

Once we've gained more than enough immigrants and merchants, we could feature a wider array of products but for now, so as to not pressure ourselves with the sales, we opted to limit our products to the necessities.

Apart from selling those items, we would also offer the service to repair equipment. Though I guess this task would primarily go to the Dwarf Smiths.

"Master, you came."

Ancient Elf, carrying a barrel full of apples, greeted me so.

"Yeah, we're finally opening tomorrow so I wanted to see how the store's progressing."

"The preparations are all in order."

When she put the barrel down to ground, I heard the sound of water.

“What is that barrel?”

“I’m pickling the apples in the water of life I made. While the apples are submerged in the water, it will not go bad. Even if an apple is dipped in the water just once, it will still take a very long time for it to decay, all while retaining its deliciousness. This water will also increase the apples’ effects.”

“.....keep it moderate, okay?.”

“Yes, of course!”

Even a simple apple could turn into an imbalanced item as long as my Ancient Elf was involved.

The words water of life came up casually but for the humans, they would undoubtedly regard it as a big deal if they heard it.

“How about Kuina and her group?”

“They’re in the interior of the store, practicing. The lovely salesgirls and their excited elder sister...”

Ancient Elf who was fond of cute things said so as she became mesmerized.

“Is that so? That makes me feel uneasy; let’s go take a look.”

Ancient Elf and I went to the inside of the store.



We went in and found Kuina and the Mythological Foxes.

“Now then, use [Transform]!”

Kuina ordered so to her subordinates, the Mythological Foxes.

The fox-girls enhanced their magic power and clasped their hands together. They then shone with light. In the next moment, their fox ears and tails vanished which made them appear exactly like humans.

No matter how much the humans of this world were accustomed to demihumans, it was still better for the salesperson to be of the same race as them. It was especially more important if they were ones to call in the customers. Therefore, the beautiful Mythological Foxes who could use [Transform] to hide their ears and tails were perfect for the job.

“Ah, Oto-san, look, look! It’s so cute!”

Kuina puffed her chest with pride. They surely were cute.

They wore a shopkeeper’s clothes designed by Elder Dwarf to have lovely fluttering frills. The eyes of the person beside me, Ancient Elf, sparkled as she looked at the Mythological Foxes. It was, without doubt, within her preferences.



.....The Mythological Foxes weren't the only ones to wear the clothes, Kuina wore them too.

However, Kuina wore it without transforming, keeping her fox ears and tail. I guessed it was probably intentional since there was a hole through which her

tail passed.

“You’re not going to transform?”

“Kuina’s job, no, Kuina’s highest priority is to safeguard the city. So I can’t attend to the store.”

Well, she was right.

She was after all this city’s strongest and therefore could not spare the time to be a salesgirl.

“You’ll be our last line of defense. We’re counting on you.”

“Yay! ♪”

I approached her and brushed her head.

As I did so, I heard footsteps.

“The additional bread are done so I’ve come to deliver it. Oh, you’re here, my lord.”

The one who came was Wight.

On the back of the Golems were boxes filled with bread.

In charge of baking the bread which shall be one of our products were the Skeletons led by Wight.

As one would expect, unlike the Golems, it was impossible for the Skeletons to wander about in the city and therefore had no other way to be helpful to the city when there were no battle happening other than to diligently bake bread and then have the Golems deliver it.

The scene of a group of Skeletons making bread was so boundlessly surreal, it simply could not be shown to the humans.

“Thanks for your work. Can I have one?”

“Yes, certainly. Please enjoy a bread we, the Undead army, put our all into making.”

The bread made by a Skeleton. If I imagined it normally, it could only turn out to be bad but...

The taste of the hard baked bread sprinkled with a lot of salt to preserve it wasn't bad. It wasn't revolutionary but not awful either. It was a normal bread. And if it was so, it could be one of our products.

“Yeah, this can sell well.”

“We are unable to taste so we simply focused on the quantity, my lord.”

As long as the work involved was simple, there probably was no other superior to the Skeleton army led by Wight. They were like machines, repeating the predetermined movements accurately and indifferently.

“Wight, once the humans come,”

“I understand, my lord. It would be better for us to not wander above the ground. Our bodies are not normal, to say the least, and we would only become a hindrance to the city my lord is making.”

Wight anticipated my thoughts and said so.

His concerns were indeed valid. It was no surprise that, unlike the demihumans and the Golems, the Undead were regarded as an enemy of

human kind. Normally, it would be absolutely impossible for them to show themselves without incident. However, this time was an exception and so, I smiled.

“What are you talking about? You’re my staff officer. I’ll be troubled if you don’t stay and help.”

“...that makes me happy but this body, my lord,”

“That’s why I had this prepared.”

I placed the mask on his face.

“This is a beguiling mask I had Elder Dwarf make. It has [Beguile] Enchant magic applied to it. As long as you wear this, you will have the appearance of a human. But [Beguile]’s effects are limited so you will have to wear your robe over your body, some long pants, and gloves.”

Upon hearing my words, Wight trembled with emotions.

He then spoke, still trembling.

“My lord, to make something like this for me. Even for the supreme dwarf, Elder Dwarf-sama, such an item, it couldn’t have been simple to make.”

“There’s no way I can neglect a good performing subordinate such as you. I had Elder Dwarf do the impossible and so, I’m expecting much from you, Wight.”

His quick wit, vast knowledge, and ability to perceive the subtleties of a person’s emotions were essential to the operation of this city.

“Yes, I am at your command, my lord.”

He then knelt immediately. I would be relying much on his abilities.

And like that, I left soon after.



Afterwards, I went to the fourth special building: the inn.

Built under the assumption that it would accommodate as much as a hundred, it had a considerably high number of rooms, some of which were even large enough to accommodate groups of people. There were a large amount of blankets prepared too.

Actually, as I was in the inn, all I thought about was the services to be offered to those staying the night. And so far, I had only included the blanket. Multiple blankets were placed in each room and was to be used freely by the patrons.

The private rooms were set to be expensive while the shared large rooms were set to be cheap. Patrons could use the water wells along with the public bathhouse. Our inn wouldn't serve any food so if they wanted to eat something, they could simply buy whatever it is they want to eat in the store. It was pretty much a self-service inn.

“As I thought, we're really short on hands... I should actively hire human help.”

Shopkeepers, inn receptionists, advertisers, and bathhouse and inn cleaners.

These jobs could be easily filled up if we didn't mind the quality of the employees. Perhaps even have some broke adventurers do some part-time work. Funds weren't an issue either due to the silver coins that Elder Dwarf could make just like those used in the commercial city.

There was no reason at all to let my monsters do these jobs forever.

“Ideally though, I want some pros. It’s hard to have no connections at times like this.”

If only we could have good and skilled merchants we could entrust even the management of the inn and store to and maybe even get them to open up store branches of their own in this city, everything would be fine. This city having more fascinating things that would serve to attract humans in was far more important my own profits.

Deciding how city would develop would be an issue in the future but for now, even if it only had a facility that would be able to accommodate humans, I would consider it a success already.

I then went to the fifth and last special building of this city: the public bathhouse built on the hot spring. The male bath and female bath were also finished without incident. Hopefully, these would contribute to the satisfaction of the people staying at the inn as well as the sanitation of the city.

We also constructed a hidden and special bath for our use only.

With this, my inspection of all the city was complete.

From tomorrow onward, we would be able to invite the humans into our city.



The early morning of the following day, I gathered all of my monsters in the city plaza, Skeletons included.

“My beloved followers, I thank you for your hard work. Our dungeon, no... Our city has finally come into being. There are still many things to do but at least now, we are finally able to welcome the humans to come into our city.”

The infrastructures were in place and the food and equipment which were to

be our products were fully prepared. We also had an inn and pretty much a recreational facility.

“Today is the day we welcome the humans as well as the day we finally get to consume their emotions. Moreover, this day would mark the true start of our city management.”

Nothing is perfect from the get go but this would nevertheless allow us to advance forward.

“There may be some of you who think that instead of doing these dull things, we will be better off eating the emotions of the humans as we murder them. I can understand these sentiments but know that such methods are only for the short-term. We could only have the strongest dungeon by building a city where hundreds, thousands... no, tens of thousands of humans could laugh together. And I promise you that we can be the strongest dungeon.”

Compared to the dungeons of the other Demon Lords, ours would earn us more DP and allow us to eat a lot more emotions.

“Not to mention, this way is more enjoyable. If we run a proper dungeon, we will trick and kill the humans but we could also get killed by them. I will also have to use you, the monsters, as bait to lure in the humans. It might be naïve of me but I don’t want to lose any of you. Each of you is dear to me... Therefore, please lend me your powers to achieve my dream. No, give it to me. This is my command as your Demon Lord!”

As they heard my words, each of them expressed their resolve and immediately kneeled.

“Now then, everyone, let us open the gates of our city of hopes and smiles. Let us open our **Avalon**! Now, everyone, to your posts!”

Right after my shout, each tended to their duties.

First was to invite the humans and the rest would follow.

Chapter 14: First Guests

“I’ll be going then, Procell-sama, Kuina-anesama.”

“Yeah, do your best!”

One of the two Mythological Foxes, in human form, bid farewell and went outside of the city. Accompanying her as her guard was a Mithril Golem who possessed the strength comparable to a B rank monster.

Kuina waved her hand and sent her off. Her destination was a certain highway outside of Avalon which was the route often taken by many adventurers in the early morning, the present time. Our plan was a straightforward but reliable approach at getting their attention. Just the large signboard carried by the beautiful fox-girl was sure to stand out.

The message written in the signboard read that bread, dried meat, and water were for sale here and for 40% cheaper than the price offered in the city of Eclaba. Taking the opportunity, it was also written there that our inn only offered the service for an overnight stay without any meals and was therefore dirt cheap.

The adventurers that were on their way to the dungeon probably already had enough provisions on them but upon seeing our prices, some might think about getting even more provisions while some to replenish their stocks on their way back.

Also, upon chancing on our city on their way home, they might consider staying the night at the inn and should they find the experience to be pleasant,

we might be able to make them to consider another visit on their next expedition to the dungeon.

My plan was to slowly but steadily accumulate regular visitors.

Kuina had an unusual uneasy look on her face.

“I’m worried about the Mythological Fox. She went outside even though she’s weak.”

“She might be weak compared to a Celestial Fox like Kuina but she’s actually pretty strong, you know?”

A Mythological Fox was a B rank monster. It was a powerful monster with a mastery over fire.

And when it came to B rank monsters, even first-rate adventurers were no match in single combat.

Between that, her raised level and the Elder Dwarf-made knife she kept while wearing the lovely uniform, the chances of encountering an adventurer that could defeat her was next to nothing.

“Uuhh, even so, I’m still worried.”

“She has the Mithril Golem with her so there’s no need to worry. Besides, we have our jobs to do.”

I said so as I tapped her head.

By the way, the Mithril Golem wasn’t sent out there just to be a guard but also as another way to attract the humans in. A gigantic Golem was after all more conspicuous than a beautiful girl.

If the Mythological Fox— or if by some chance the Mithril Golem—was asked, they were instructed to explain to the adventurers that the city selling the products was founded by the descendants of great sages and powerful dwarves. In other words, a glorification of our story.

Well then, I'm looking forward to how many will come.



At about the 30-minute mark after the Mythological Fox went outside, a party of four adventurers arrived.

They were a well-balanced party composed of a male warrior clad in light armor, a giant of a man with truly impressive facial hair, a short but agile female thief, and a female magic user.

However, each one of them looked worn-out. The two vanguard looked especially worse: their swords were broken and their armors were full of holes. They also hobbled which certainly meant that they were still injured.

It was weird for visitors at this time of day but they were probably returning home instead of going into the dungeon. Amongst adventurers, there were some who pass the night inside the dungeon. Since the dungeon was a dangerous place crawling with monsters, spending the night there while taking turns to stand guard at night would not do any help at alleviating one's fatigue. However, such practices became necessary in order to do a prolonged hunting session.

By their appearance, I thought they probably ran into some kind of trouble and was then forced to stay the night in the dungeon.

The warrior-looking young man who seemed to be their leader rushed into the store.

"Food, water, and a place to rest ourselves, please."

Exchanging the tired look on his face for a ghastly one, he drew the attention of the Mythological Fox in the store. Any ordinary man would be surprised at the beautiful teenage girl tending to the store but the young warrior's circumstances didn't allow him to care for such things. Luckily, the fox-girl was trained to be an expert clerk.

"Since you've ordered for some food, might I interest you in this fruit called an apple? It's sweet and juicy. It will not go bad even after two months. It will relieve your fatigue and bring back your strength. We also sell some hard-baked bread and some dried meat, if those are more to your liking."

A completely by-the-book response.

She only did what she was taught to do but for a man in a desperate situation, her response would of course sound indifferent.

"Anything's fine so hurry it up."

"Then would you like one of each? If you order it as a set, it will only cost you a silver coin."

"Yes, yes, yes, four sets, hurry up!"

"Understood. Additionally, how about an alcohol made of apple? It's the Avalon special for souvenirs. It's a really sweet and good quality alcohol, a great gift to a female companion."

The warrior-looking man popped a vein. I slightly felt sorry for him. She shouldn't go that far with her textbook responses.

"Stop it! Are you making fun of me?! Quickly get me the food and water!!"

"Certainly. That will be four silver coins, please."

When the Mythological fox said such, the man took out a pouch from his chest and threw the coins onto the counter.

“I received four coins exactly. There is a roofed dining area in the back of the store so please make use of it if it is to your liking.”

When the fox-girl skillfully handed over the items as a set, the man took it as though he snatched it from her.

When the adventurers were gone, so did the business smile from the fox-girl's face.

“HAaa. I was soo nervous. Procell-sama, Kuina-anesama, how did I do? Did I pull it off?”

The Mythological Fox hesitantly asked. Actually, this was the way she truly was.

And to her, Kuina gave a thumb's up.

“It was perfect. Keep it up!”

Oh well, I thought, I'll just consider this one as a rare unlucky event. Besides, she didn't mess up on her responses.

“I'm soo glad.”

I guessed it was alright until she got used to it.

Considering she properly sold the items and that it was her first customer, she did great.

Setting that aside, I decided to do a little follow-up and headed towards the dining area where the adventurers were.

From the adventurers' point of view

“Geez, what was with that clerk? Just how long was she going to ask questions!”

The male warrior voiced his irritation along with his sigh.

Along with the food they bought, they came to the back of the store. Just as the clerk said, there were tables and chairs available there. What's more, they looked comfortable.

“Calm down, Solt. We should consider ourselves lucky just to be able to get some food. It's extremely cheap too and yet it looks to be made of fine ingredients, doesn't it? Like this bread, no second-rate wheat could smell this good.”

The big man that had impressive facial hair said so and smiled.

Upon that sight, the young warrior regained a bit of his composure.

In any case, it was the time to eat their food.

Their exploration this time ended in a massive failure. There was the fact that they got careless at exploring the familiar dungeon but it was primarily because a ridiculously strong monster appeared in the first few floors. They ran for their lives but in so doing, they were forced to leave behind the knapsack filled with their food and treasures.

They always carried a tiny amount of provisions on their persons but that too was used up. With their bodies too worn-out to hunt, they thought they had no

other choice but to beg for help from any passing adventurer.

“I’m sorry, everyone. If only I had enough magic power...”

Said the female magic user in an apologetic tone.

She was a practitioner of a very valuable magic: healing magic. However, at this moment, her magic power had run out and thus, she was unable to use magic.

The male warrior and the big man with impressive facial hair desperately pretended to be fine but in addition to the bruises all over, they suffered from sprains and broken bones in various places of their bodies.

“Don’t be, Mira. If it weren’t for you, I would have died already. I’m only alive because you healed that big gaping hole I had. If only I wasn’t injured that badly, you might still have some magic power...”

The male warrior recalled the battle that happened the other day. The monster that suddenly appeared was nightmarishly strong. He had no doubts it was a B rank monster. It was actually a wonder they were still alive.

After their necessary escape, they decided to hide themselves, to heal themselves through whatever means, and to then somehow get out of the dungeon.

“Rather, I should be the one to be sorry. I’m the only one with good health and yet I wasn’t able to do anything.”

The female thief looked downhearted as she casted her head down.

“What are you talking about? It was because you took guard duty that we were able to sleep at night. Also, if it weren’t for you, we all would have been killed by traps long ago.”

“Hmm, you are still young but your capabilities as a scout are excellent.”

“Solt, Fam.”

They were certain on what they said. A thief was able to perceive the presence of traps and enemies, unlock chests and the like. They were useful on many aspects and were indispensable to a party.

The girl then spoke with a voice overcome with emotions.

“Anyway, let’s eat!”

“Hmm, let’s”

And so, they began to eat. First, they drank the water. The male warrior drank it and was surprised. It entered his body smoothly and spread. *What a taste*, he thought.

As parched as he currently was, it would certainly taste good but this water went beyond that. It tasted good in the true sense of the word. He was in disbelief. Moreover, he was being reinvigorated by it.

He next ate the red fruit which the clerk called an apple.

It had a nice texture to it in his mouth. As he chew, the bittersweet juices that came from the fruit spread all over his mouth. It was so delicious, he thought he’d cry. The moment he gulped it down, he knew his entire body, down to his cells, felt ecstatic.

What is this, he wondered, is this the fruit of the heavens?

His body relaxed and his aches faded away. The fatigue that weighed on his body like heavy lead also vanished.

By the time he noticed it, the fruit he held was already gone.

It was strange. He considered himself to be a glutton but this one fruit pleasantly drove away his hunger. He next ate the bread. It looked like any other bread but it was unbelievably good. He tasted the sweetness of the wheat it was made from. He himself grew up in a household of farmers but never has he tasted a bread this delicious. The quality of the ingredients, most especially the wheat, was very exquisite.

Anticipating the same kind of experience, he tried the dried meat but to his disappointment, it was utterly ordinary. The male warrior then turned to check the state his companions were in. After they drank the water and ate the fruit and bread, everyone was in some kind of stupor.

After the last lingering effects of the stupor had faded, the male warrior spoke.

“Hey, everyone, wasn’t that red fruit unbelievably delicious?”

“Yeah, it was the best. I still couldn’t believe something like this existed in this world. The water and bread too were superb. This city is great. We gotta tell the others.”

“I know, right? Like, I was so tired but now it’s all gone. And I know shouldn’t feel so happy right now, considering our circumstances, but I am!”

“It’s exactly like the taste of something blessed by the land. It got rid of my tiredness and at this rate, it looks like my magic power will soon recover.”

Each of them were shocked by the great taste of their meal, especially by the

apple. It was not only delicious but it had also provided them with obviously good effects.

“Hey, how about if we return to Eclaba, withdraw some money from the bank, then stay at our usual inn until our injuries are healed? And, right after that, go to the dungeon again?”

“Sounds good. Considering our injuries and Mira’s spent magic power, that might just be our only choice.”

This four-man party was a top-class party. With their forces combined, they could hunt even C rank monsters down. The feat alone earned them money, plenty enough to have some savings. With such savings, even if they suffer serious setbacks like this time, it was possible to recover. But doing so was not cheap, not at all.

“How about a change of plans? I think we should stay at this city for a while. If we eat those red fruits daily, our injuries and magic power should recover. And we can challenge the dungeon sooner. If I remember correctly, the sign the girl held said this city had an inn and it costs dirt cheap to stay too.”

“But then, how about our broken equipment? We have to get the blacksmith we frequent fix them. One way or the other, we have to return to Eclaba. Besides, I’m not confident the inn in this town is a proper one.”

The warrior was confused. He couldn’t deny any of what the big man said but the price of the inn in this city was so much cheaper than the one in Eclaba. So too were the food and drinks in this city.

Their wound and magic power recovery time was also bound to be shorter here. And if so, that would mean that their dungeon exploration downtime was also going to be shorter.

No matter how much savings they had, they wanted to avoid spending it as much as possible.

Any which way he thought about it, staying at this city was for the better.

He knew these and yet returning to Eclaba...

At that moment, a lone fine looking young man came. He aged somewhere between 15 and 19 years old.

He was wearing finely made black clothes. The young man was supposed to be smiling but for an instant, the warrior felt so much dread, it made his spine tingle. His long years of experience as an adventurer had honed his senses and he felt nothing but the aura of a true man of battles from this young man.

"I thank you for taking the time to visit our city this fine day. It might be impolite of me but I couldn't help but overhear your conversation."

"And you are?"

"I am the leader of this city as well as the father of all the demihumans that reside here. I am called the great sage Procell. This city that has welcomed you, dear adventurers, besides having an inn, also has a blacksmith that has prepared an arrangement of high quality items. Certainly, you'll allow me to guide you there?"

He said so and the elegantly bowed.

It was nothing short of a blessing. It was good news to the adventurers to learn that the city also had a blacksmith.

They didn't expect much from this city's blacksmith but they thought the said blacksmith would at least have enough skill to be able to do simple repairs.

The warrior turned to check on his companions' responses...

"Then, please lead the way."

Chapter 15: Part-time job

Intending on following up on the Mythological Fox's sale, I headed to the place the adventurers were and although there were some complains at first, I was relieved to know they approved of our products.

However, the conversation they had afterwards led me to believe they had need for an inn and some equipment. And so, I decided to talk business with them.

"If you want, I can show you around. My city has sells equipment and also does repairs. We also operate an inn."

Although they were bewildered by my sudden appearance, they immediately regained their composure and spoke.

"What do you mean father of the demihumans? And you're a great sage? Just who are you?"

"This is a city I built for the demihumans being persecuted by society and I am their guardian. Also, to be able to build such a city, I can be nothing less than a great sage, don't you agree?"

I said so smugly but I might have gone a little too far with my bluff. They were looking at me with suspicion in their eyes. I screwed up, I thought. It was a little embarrassing.

Alright, let's change the subject.

"...Moving on, how about that tour?"

“Oh, oh yeah. Can you first show us to the inn?”

“Yes, my pleasure.”

I nodded and led the adventurer party to the inn.



The one currently running the inn was Wight.

I figured I wouldn't have anything to worry about if he was in charge of it.

“Welcome, dear guests.”

Wight greeted us as we opened the door.

His entire body was wrapped with his high-class robe and on his face was a mask.

The mask was enchanted with the effects of [Beguile] and it should make him appear like a refined gentleman as long as he wore it.

“Is this the city's inn?”

“Yes, it is. Or so I would like to say but right now, it's more of just a place to sleep at. Let me explain our systems.”

I cleared my throat once and spoke.

“We have two plans for you to choose from. The first option is to rent a private room. Regardless of the number of people to stay in the room, you are expected to pay two silver coins per night. Well, two people should be able sleep comfortably in them but it should still be able to accommodate four people. These rooms have locks installed in them so if you want some privacy, this is the option to pick. And don't worry, no matter which plan you pick,

blankets will always be provided.”

By the way, this was a really cheap price. In the city of Eclaba, manual labor aimed for adventurers would earn them 6 silver coins a day.

“It’s so cheap.”

“A place to sleep is all we’re offering, after all. Guests are expected to clean after themselves during stay. As for meals, please purchase those at the store you visited earlier. You’re free to use the water well in the inn’s courtyard so if you have any laundry, you may wash them there. Also, our city also has a hot spring and you’re also free to enter that.”

“You have a hot spring!?”

The eyes of the thief girl, the only adventurer in good health, sparkled.

“Lecca, you know anything about it?”

The warrior-looking man asked the thief.

“Yeah, I do. It’s a warm bath you soak yourself into. It really, really feels good. Plus, it takes helps to relieve your stress away.”

With an ecstatic face, the thief girl imagined the hot spring.

“You’re quite knowledgeable. As you said, hot springs relieve stress. But my city’s hot spring is special. Aside from the stress relief you mentioned, it also: makes your skin beautiful; accelerates recovery from wounds and illnesses; gives magic power recovery; and a lot more.”

“All that just from bathing in hot water?”

“Yes. Besides from the hot spring’s own mysterious powers, it’s because of the high-ranking elves blessing this city.”

What I said was definitely true. Although the effects may be minor, they were there nonetheless.

Each time Ancient Elf entered the bath, the effects grew stronger; she was then most probably the cause, I thought.

“Hey, Solt, let’s stay here! I’d like to enter the hot spring, it’s the best! It’d speed up the healing of your wounds too! Plus, Mira will also recover her magic power there!”

“...I still can’t believe it. Oh well, we were planning on staying here today anyway, might as well try the hot spring out.”

“Oh, yeah! I’m looking forward to it now!”

It seemed like the hot spring worked properly as a weapon thanks to their fondness of it.

“Earlier on, you said you had two plans but what’s the other one?”

“I did, and the second option lets you stay at a large communal room. Of course, the room won’t have a lock so we would advise the guests to be mindful of their belongings and to be on the lookout for theft. On that note, its cost is cheaper at only 1 silver coin per person. In your case, dear guests, rather than the communal room, it would be cheaper to stay at a private room, and thus why I mentioned it first.”

The communal rooms were basically a plan aimed toward adventurers traveling alone.

For a party, private rooms were always cheaper and better.

“Then, we’ll rent two rooms. Four silver coins will be enough, wouldn’t it?”

“Yes, perfectly.”

When I said so, Wight took out two keys and explained the particulars.

“Dear guests, these are the keys to your rooms. Please consult the map in the wall that shows the room numbers for your rooms’ locations.”

The warrior-looking man took a key while the other one was taken by the female thief. It seemed like they split up according to their gender: a rare consideration for adventurers.

“Procell, could you wait until we’ve dropped our baggage first before you guide us to the equipment shop?”

“Yes, of course.”

I replied and smiled.

For adventurers, this party was strong and experienced. If they were impressed, the widespread news of our city via word of mouth was likely. A little effort for that was tolerable.



A little while later and the adventurers came back. It seemed they donned a change of clothes, this time wearing casual clothing. However, I also noticed that they were carrying a large bag on their shoulders which, I guessed, contained their broken equipment.

And so, I led them back to the store.



When we returned to the store, Kuina and the two Mythological Foxes were busily moving around. I figured the Mythological Fox sent outside to draw in visitors had in fact drawn in too much to the point that she was called back to help.

When I noticed the sign and the Mithril Golem that acted as a guard weren't in the city, I figured the Mithril Golem must have been told to keep holding the sign. The Golem did have the ability to draw visitors in so for the moment, I didn't have to question such a decision.

The foodstuffs had sold well.

There were about thirty customers inside the store. It may not have been a lot but considering there only three of them to tend to the store, their job was tough.

Kuina then looked at me with eyes pleading for help but I pretended to not notice. It was alright, I trusted they were able to handle something like this. Rather, they have to in order for them to handle future sales. And so, I steeled my heart and hoped the girls would grow.

I then cleared my throat and faced the adventurer party.

"Well then, this is where the transactions for the purchase and repair of equipment takes place. For the moment though, only swords are being sold."

I said so and led them into the store. We then proceeded to the area opposite of where the foodstuffs were placed. There, a lot of swords were casually displayed. The only sword that was framed and furnished to the wall was the sword Elder Dwarf seriously made.

When I thought about it, the swords didn't really stand out. Upon entering the store, one would have had to search for them to notice them. In fact, the adventurers within the store were still yet to notice them.

I noted to place them somewhere better later.

But as I thought so.....

"Where are the swords placed? I heard there were wonderful swords being sold here but where are they?"

A new group of visitors arrived and asked the busy girls. They numbered close to twenty. Right from the start, they were looking for swords. I thought they must have heard of the rumors of this city's blacksmith's expertise.

With the arrival of the new group, the girls began to panic. Seeing that, I decided to take care of the new ones.

"The swords are this way. These customers are about to try the swords out as well so why don't you join us?"

"Oh, that way, huh. I didn't notice."

I gathered the customers interested in the swords together. The inside of the store was vast so there were no problems with this many people inside.

I picked a mass-produced sword up and handed it over to the warrior-looking man.

"This sword you've given me, it's quite the item."

The moment the warrior-looking man took the sword, his eyes changed from that of his relaxed usual self into that of a swordsman's.

He stared intensely into the sword and then touched its blade. Afterwards, he readied himself and swung it. The sound of the sword cutting the air reverberated. He had good skills.

"This is a wonderful sword. You won't see many swords this fine in Eclaba."

"Why don't you try swinging it at something?"

"Is that alright!?"

He was more into it than I expected.

I placed a log upright so that he may test the blade on it. There were metal fixtures attached to its bottom to keep it from falling by itself.

The warrior-looking man readied himself once more and swung the sword sideways. Upon doing so and with a swoosh, the log was cut.

"This is absurdly sharp. It's also light and strong. I also feel magic power flowing in it. This is far better than my sword. How much is this?"

"Two gold coins."

As soon as I said so, the warrior-looking man's jaw dropped. He must have been surprised.

"Wait, what!? This sword is only for two gold coins!? Even my current sword cost me four gold coins! No matter what, a sword this fine's gotta be at least six gold coins... no, eight!!"

He spoke as he drew closer to me.

By the way, I based the price of our sword on the mass produced mithril-padded-with-iron swords being sold in Eclaba.

Comparing the two swords, ours uses a much better alloy with better distribution ratios and purity. The skills involved in making them was also not up for contest. The Dwarf Smiths may be only making the swords to meet their production quotas but humans would have had to be top-class craftsmen working earnestly to be able replicate our sword.

Furthermore, although the swords made by the Dwarf Smiths couldn't be enchanted with Enchant magic—like the one made by Elder Dwarf—it was still capable of absorbing one's magic power and were thus able to have its performance improved. It was a kind of magic sword.

Our sword simply wasn't at the level of a budget sword.

"Our blacksmiths are very skilled so making an item of this level is rather simple for them."

"Is there a grand master class blacksmith here!?"

"Only lovely dwarf girls. This city is a demihuman city. We have very talented people here capable of what no human is capable of doing."

"An elf blessing the city and dwarven blacksmiths, what an amazing city this is. Sell this sword to me right now! For this price, I have to buy now or risk it being bought by somebody else right away!"

The man, his eyes bloodshot, exclaimed as he handed to me a gold coin and 30 silver coins.

A gold coin was worth 30 silver coins so what he handed to me was worth exactly two gold coins.

Considering a manual laborer would earn six silver coins for a hard day's

work, it would take said manual laborer roughly about half a month's time of working continuously to earn this amount.

By no means was it cheap but considering its quality, it was a bargain.

"We are only selling swords at the moment but the blacksmith that made these also does equipment repair. You'll find the map to the workshop this way. Basically, in addition to the raw materials used in the repair, customers will be charged a standard fee of 6 silver coins. Please pay the amount over at the counter. Also, other than swords, we also accept requests for custom-made weapons made out of the same materials and forged with the same techniques as that sword. Although that will be relatively more expensive at three gold coins."

"I have no doubt about the skill of a blacksmith capable of making this. I'll place the care of the repair of my armor to them."

The man marveled at his newly bought sword.

But just then, I felt something weird. It was from the gazes cast on me by the many people behind the warrior-looking man.

The ones that looked at me no longer were just the group that looked for a sword. From some time ago, all the adventurers focused on the foodstuff began to look over my way as well.

In the next moment, they came at me all at once.

"Show that sword to me as well!"

"This is a mithril sword isn't it?"

"What sharpness!"

"This is for only two gold coins? You serious?"

The swords were slightly far away from the entrance so the customers didn't notice it before but with the current uproar, they now did.

One after another, they examined the swords. And after briefly doing so.....

"Alright, I'll buy it!"

"Hey miss, I'd like to commission a spear to be made with the same materials and techniques as those swords but let's bargain!"

"Wha— there's no more already? When are you gonna have more?"

The customers flocked into counter where the Fox girls handling the sales were. Other than handling the sales of the weapons, they also took care of a lot of inquiries and requests. The already busy counter now became chaotic.

"Stupid Oto-san! This is too much!"

I heard Kuina's complaint-heavy voice say. It certainly was my fault things became like so. Even though she complained, as to be expected of Kuina, she nonetheless did her job quickly and properly.

"Sorry about that."

The warrior-looking man looked apologetic.

"This was bound to happen; it was only a matter of when."

It was just that the customers didn't notice the swords.

The girls were able to handle something like this anyway.

“Hmm, what’s that sword!?”

The warrior-looking man suddenly raised his voice.

He was looking at the sword framed to the wall.

He looked tranced, as though his entire soul was taken away from him. He then wrapped both his hands around his body and shook.

“Procell, that sword, terryfic. Is that, is that for sale too!? Sell it, sell it to me pleeease!”

He then placed both of his hands on my shoulders as he shook me.

Even his way of speaking became weird.

“That’s special and is therefore expensive. It costs 10,000 gold coins.”

It was as expensive as a castle but it was truly worth it.

“That’s too much... but...”

His eyes became completely filled with greed. I feared he was going to steal it.

Well, this store always had two Mithril Golems guarding it so that wasn’t really an issue to begin with. Expensive items were tagged with magic stone fragments and unless these items were purchased through the counter, it would be perceived as theft and the perpetrators will be attacked.

As I was thinking of such, the thief girl and the female magic user, wearing

grim expressions on their faces, drew near the warrior-looking man.

“Say, you paid two gold coins for that sword but did we have that much money right now?”

“If I recall correctly, I think paying for that exhausted all our funds. Am I wrong?”

The two pressed the warrior-looking man and he was drenched in cold sweat.

“Lecca, Mira, sorry! That was the only chance for me to buy a sword this fine. Instead of paying to repair my old sword, I figured it was better to just buy a new but stronger sword. I mean, look, it’s all sold out already. Unless I bought it back then, I wouldn’t have been able to buy it at all. It’s really an awesome sword.”

Just as he said, all the swords that once were on the shelves, were now in the hands of the adventurers lined up in the counter.

“I understand how you feel; I know it is an amazing sword but... but now we’ve exhausted our pocket money and will have to return to Eclaba for the moment.”

Their stay at the inn for the day had already been paid for but they were probably unable to pay for it from the next day onward. Not to mention, their daily meals would also cost them money.

And then, I had a good idea.

“If you don’t mind, how about if the two women work part-time work here? The men are injured but the women should not have any difficulties with moving their bodies. She looks like she has exhausted her magic power but it

seems eating an apple has made her a little bit better and is able to work. I'm willing to pay 12 silver coins a day."

It was twice the amount of a manual laborer's wage. Besides, their party was unable to head back into the dungeon until the men's injuries had healed.

It made sense to earn money doing part-time work while they stayed here and waited for their recovery.

"“I accept”"

So they both said.

Women working to feed the men. Well, there was something noble about that.

"Thank you very much. Then, I would like to ask you to start right away and help those girls. The store is open until it gets dark and you will be paid at the end of each day."

When I said so, the two of them headed to the counter which had already become a warzone.

As expected of adventurers, they were brave.

It was their first day on the job but they took to things immediately. It helped that they were quick-witted too.

At any rate, we were able to secure an extra set of hands.

With this, Kuina and the others' duties were reduced.

And with the addition of our newest recruits, we somehow began to do things better. We would have been really hard-pressed otherwise.

Anyway, the customers for this day were going to bring in more customers and those customers would bring in even more. Which also meant that things would get even more hectic.

Oh well, I'm looking forward to what will happen from now on.

Chapter 16: Merchant

A week after the completion of my city and its subsequent opening, the number of humans visiting my city had increased. My most recent tallies stated at least 300 humans per day were visiting and at least 50 of them stayed the night on our inn.

DP too was steadily being gathered.

An average of 5 DP was gained per human that stayed in the city for a full day. If they only stopped by momentarily, this number would drop to 2 DP on average. All in all, my daily income was around 500 DP.

It seemed like this city stimulated various human desires and since human emotions fluctuated more than I expected, my income amounted to such.

At the moment, Kuina and the others hunting in the [Crimson Cavern] still provided me with more DP but that was bound to change as I gained more human visitors.

Because I had finally secured a steady flow of income, I could now prepare for [War] and build my vicious dungeon without worry.

It would be a rather bad idea if I did not begin preparing for a [War].

It was to my advantage that I was able to make a dungeon whose sole purpose was the annihilation of any and all intruders while the other Demon Lords had to balance protecting their crystals and drawing in humans into their dungeons.

“At last, I’ve finally made it this far. The headaches were endless but I made it.”

...but there still were problems.

Given that a great number of hot-blooded adventurers were coming to our city, it was only natural for them to have disputes with their fellow adventurers.

On top of that, there were issues of theft too. The group of people trying to steal swords were especially high in number.

The Golems, however, resolved all these problems with a show of force.

The Golems were programmed to suppress ensuing acts of violence at once and also to arrest anybody trying to take with them items from the store that they didn't pay for.

Besides those problems, there were an endless supply of apple thieves, people squatting in order to skip out on the inn charges, and people who harass the Mythological Foxes, Dwarf Smiths, and High Elves.

...They were all dealt with by the Golems though so our city remained peaceful. Golems were truly convenient.

“Oto-san, things have finally settled down.”

“Nice, isn't it? We've hired helped, after all.”

At the moment, I was at the city leader's house, diligently doing office work.

The store and inn now had at least 10 adventurers working part-time which freed up Kuina from working there.

It seemed like with a daily salary of 12 silver coins, twice the average salary of a manual laborer, the job was so fascinating that some of the broke and lower-class adventurers even wanted to keep on working for us for the long-term.

In some point in the future, it might be better to give them a house to settle into instead of letting them live meagerly and stay at a communal room in the inn.

I hoped to have full-time employees at the inn and store rather than part-timers.

As I was thinking so, the door burst open and in came Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf.

“Master.”

“My master.”

The two wore serious looks on their face as they walked.

“What’s wrong? Why do the two of you look like that?”

“Master, we’re shorthanded. I need more help.”

“Me too. There’s too much work.”

They were quite distressed.

The store and the inn didn’t require much skill out of its employees so adventurers working part-time were able to do most of the work and only needed to be watched over. Blacksmithing and agricultural duties however needed expertise.

Apparently, the adventurers boasted about the swords they bought in our city and were steadily spreading news about it, leading to even more adventurers visiting our city to buy the swords. Perhaps it was even too popular that even if

we doubled its price, more will still come.

The apple, for its mysterious ability to relieve stress, and the bread, for its unusual deliciousness, had also gained popularity among the adventurers.

These were all reasonable but the number of swords that could be made in a day was limited while the apple and wheat—the main ingredient of our bread—were only grown at an accelerated rate due to the elves' power.

It was becoming quite taxing.

"I kind of understand. But first, Elder Dwarf, I ordered to to lessen the number of swords produced down to twenty a day but did even that not help? Sure, you already have a month's worth of advance orders but is that pace too much?"

I was hoping that increasing the scarcity of the swords instead of selling them all out at once would, aside from making the dwarves' workload lighter, keep the customers going back.

Furthermore, the blacksmiths and the resale merchants of the nearby city would seriously complain if we sold too many swords.

However, if we went to the other extreme and sold all the swords only through advance orders, its effect to draw in visitors would be gone. So I decided that five of the twenty swords made daily would be displayed over the counter and would be sold to the winners of a lottery.

In addition, the raw materials were also an issue. The Golems diligently dug and gathered the materials night and day but between their current mithril output and our [War] preparations for the dungeon proper, that was really all we could spare.

“There are still a lot of requests for weapon and armor repairs. Also, the orders for custom-made items are too detailed and bothersome. The Dwarf Smiths couldn’t handle it all by themselves so I’m forced to working on the orders too. The humans have increased so an expansion of our buildings is also necessary. We are just barely able to handle the orders right now but it keeps me from doing my true job: the development of our weapons.”

I understood what she meant then. The sales aside, the repairs of their equipment wasn’t something we could make the adventurers wait for too long.

“Alright, I’ll give you two new Dwarf Smiths.”

“Thanks. Two of them should be enough.”

In our past week of operations, my DP had increased by a considerable amount. This much of an expense should pose no problem.

Plus, Dwarf Smiths were B rank monsters and would become a significant addition to our fighting force so it was like killing two birds with one stone.

“Okay then, how about you, Ancient Elf?”

“Yes, as for us, we are harvesting more than we are able to grow. No matter how much we accelerate the growth, it is rapidly being consumed. It’s to the point that the High Elves have gotten groggy.”

“The apples aside, instead of you guys growing the wheat, could we not just use the ones bought from Eclaba?”

“It’s better that we don’t. Our bread is now known to be delicious and there are a lot of visitors coming to our city for the bread so if we used the wheat bought from Eclaba, they might get upset.”

She was definitely right. If the bread suddenly stopped being delicious, the

customers would indeed get upset.

The taste of the wheat was the result of combination of the blessings it had received from the elves, the fertile farmland, and the water supply.

Even if the elves did not accelerate the growth of the wheat, good tasting wheat could still be harvested in our lands. In the future, the immigrants shall be the ones to grow the wheat, only it would take them longer before they could harvest.

“I understand. I’ll also give you two new High Elves. Like so, the growth acceleration to the crops would be enough. Also, why not make your work easier and make use of the humans to harvest the apples and wheat? As soon as possible, hire part-timers... no, they’ve got to be immigrants, don’t they?”

So far, we still didn’t have any immigrants. Something I should rectify soon.

“Yes, of course. I think I’ll leave it to them then. Thanks!”

With that, I somehow managed to solve their issues.

But then, I saw Kuina looking enviously at the relieved Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf.

“Oto-san, just like El-chan and Elf-chan, the Mythological Foxes...”

“We can’t, at least not now. We only have so much DP left, I think it’s better to spend it elsewhere for the moment.”

Almost all of the DP I had gained after the founding of this city was going to be spent on creating the Dwarf Smiths and the High Elves.

So of course, we couldn’t afford to make the Mythological Foxes whose

numbers were enough for the moment.

“I understand... how unfortunate.”

When I thought the conversation was over, I heard the sound of the bell installed on the door.



“Enter”

“Yes, my lord.”

The one that came in was Wight. Behind him were a wealthy looking man with good physique and a slender man with a well-trained body.

“This gentleman said that he wanted to talk with you, my lord, no matter what so I led them here.”

As Wight said so, the gentleman lined up beside him.

“I am most honored to meet you. My name is Konanna Krutrudo and I run a small firm back in Eclaba. The purpose of my visit to this splendid city being governed by the great sage Procell-sama is that I have something I wish to talk about with you.”

Just when I thought he radiated the scent of money, he indeed was a merchant. The man standing close beside him probably was his guard.

“What an honor it is. Are you perhaps Krutrudo of the best and largest firm in the commercial city of Eclaba? Certainly, I would listen to whatever it is you

wish to talk about. But first, instead of talking standing here standing, why don't we sit ourselves and relax in the room over there?"

I guided the men to the drawing room I had prepared in this house.



When I gestured for them to sit, the man with good physique... Konanna, did so but only after he gave me his thanks.

"This is a good item. This is my first time to see a chair this fine and comfortable."

"I'm pleased to know it is to your liking."

It was made with [Creation]. It was the finest chair in my memories.

If asked, Elder Dwarf was likely to say it was an ergonomic, unbelievably rational, wonderful beauty.

"Many of your furnishings, among other things, are unfamiliar to me. It might be rude of me but where did you come from?"

"In a humble village somewhere across the sea, far to the east."

"And the name of that place is?"

"A secret. The fruit and swords we sell here at Avalon as our specialties are all from there so excuse me from not sharing any further knowledge."

It was a line I had prepared beforehand.

Saying the items were brought over from the other side of the sea and were therefore developed there was, by itself, persuasive.

“I see, that’s reasonable. I wouldn’t tell a stranger anything about my secrets to success, after all.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

“Can you tell me one thing though: I would like to know your reason to build a city composed mostly of young demi-human girls here in this remote, monster-infested land?”

I was surprised that even though he was a merchant, he wasn’t asking anything directly related to money.

But then again, he could just be looking for anything that could be used as my weakness.

“Yes, I can tell you that. It might not be obvious based on my appearance but I have the blood of demi-humans flowing in me. I was being persecuted as I grew up and by the time I reached adulthood, I immediately left to go on a journey. On my journey, I met with several others that had similar troubles. I then thought I wanted to help them somehow.”

I smiled wryly as I reached the end of my made-up story.

“If demi-humans are going to just be persecuted wherever we go, I decided I would rather build a city outside of any nation’s borders where demi-humans could happily live out their lives. I then gathered candidates for my city. Luckily, everything that my plan needed was here.”

It was a complete and utter lie but it couldn’t be easily dismissed as one.

The merchant’s eyes grew sharper as he tried to see through my real intentions.

“I see, that’s wonderful. You are not just an influential man that has built and is governing a city like this but you are also a man of character.”

I don’t think he seriously believed my story but he didn’t press any further.

“I don’t deserve to be called a man of character. It was simply my ego at work.”

“I see, I see. I shall take note of that distinction. Yesterday, I had the privilege to stay at your inn but, oh my, that hot spring was wonderful. It relieved me of some of my fatigue. And the combination of submerging myself into the hot bath and the ice-cold alcohol made out of the fruit called the apple was simply the best!”

“It pleases me greatly to hear that. But leaving that aside, shall we get into the main purpose of your visit? You did come here to do business, did you not?”

“Yes, indeed.”

The smell of profit emanated from this city. And so, humans were rapidly gathering here. With them doing so, it was only natural for humans like him to come rushing here.

I was rather grateful to them, the humans who would come here bringing their own products to sell, for Avalon lacked a great number of things.

“I’m sorry but let me say this upfront: I will refuse any business that involves selling our products outside of the city and any that will reveal the techniques we use.”

“Wha—”

The merchant was clearly taken aback. Perhaps what I said was his true purpose.

My goal was to gather a lot of people here in my city, not to earn money. No matter how many items we procure or how much of it we could sell was of little consequence to me.

That was why I was perfectly fine with something like selling only one sword to each customer.

“But, if the deal is going to be within this city, you have my utmost cooperation. Now that that’s out of the way, let us discuss the details of your deal.”

And like that, a battle different from ones where swords clashed against swords began.

Chapter 17: The Other Face of Avalon

With my preemptive attack, the merchant faltered.

“Oh my. Shot down before I even got the chance. For now though, could you at least listen to my proposal, please? If I sold the swords you make in this city over at Eclaba, I could sell it for as much as four times the price you’re selling it now. That is if you let me buy them in bulk even at three times the price. I think it’s a fair trade with both of us profiting.”

“I cannot approve of this deal. For reasons I will not discuss, my purpose is to gather a lot of people here in this city, even if I must do so alone. And so, I can’t sell you the swords which I use to encourage people to stop by.”

If I felt like I needed money, I could just make as much as was needed.

What was important to me was the humans themselves.

“Hmm, that’s surprising. It should be easier for you to just sell them to me in bulk and yet... Anyway, how about selling to me the process to create your swords? If you do, I’m willing to even give you a gold coin for every sword sold. Like that, your income will grow by a hundred-, no, a thousand-fold!”

His way of thinking was truly that of a merchant’s.

If I agreed to what he proposed, Avalon would earn money even if it remained idle and produced nothing.

“I’m repeating myself but I don’t intend to sell this city’s products elsewhere. No amount of money can change that.”

“Your purpose means more to you than money?”

“Gathering a lot people here and making the city develop is everything. Anything else means nothing to me.”

The merchant peered into my face and let out a sigh.

“I see. I can’t move you, not even an inch. It looks like you’re being sincere and not just bluffing.”

I nodded in silence.

“It would seem we are at an impasse. Then, let me add on an additional proposal: I would very much like it if I could open up a store of my Curtrude firm here in your city.”

As far as the city was concerned, he couldn't propose anything better than that. Avalon lacked a great number of things. Right now, the only food being sold in Avalon were the bread, apple, and dried meat. While they may be cheap, the humans still wanted more variety.

After a long time of living here, they would also want some clothes and footwear. And while I'm at it, I think I should also open up a store that's open at night to serve a variety of cuisines. Actually, there already were adventurers and small-time peddlers who were bringing in their own products to sell.

We didn't have enough manpower so it was troublesome for each time we stocked up on the items that could be bought from Eclaba. But once Avalon had a store of a large firm, we would then have a steady supply of the essential items.

Most importantly, we would be freed up of worrying about those products and then be able to focus on thinking up of new ways to lure in the humans.

“I think this is a fantastic deal for Avalon, Procell-sama. As such, I would like to ask you of two things. First is about the tariff—”

“There won't be any. You may bring in as many products as you want.”

“What—”

Conanna raised his voice in his surprise.

Normally, tariffs were an important source of income. It was unheard of to forgo it.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. Avalon shall become a place where your firm is exempt of tariffs and may trade in peace with the many people gathered. In doing so, I am hoping it would lead to an increase in the variety of items in the city that would be offered at a low price. Also, the store directly managed by Avalon will only sell

products that are made with the ingredients that are produced here or from those could be bought in the city... by that I mean products made with the ingredients that could be bought from the shops that will open here in this city, hopefully including yours. If your store will also be selling dried meat, we are willing to stop doing so. But then again, it's a different matter altogether if your store didn't sell the items that we need."

The merchant gulped down.

In this day and age, each city solicited tariffs from anyone bringing in goods. On the other hand, doing business outside of cities where monsters ran rampant was worrying, to say the least.

Setting up a shop in a city where one could trade safely while not paying any tariff was bound to be a very profitable business venture.

Furthermore, by saying we would only sell the things I said we would, I made it clear that merchants didn't have to worry about competing with us who didn't care about making profit.

Ours was a city where a lot of people gathered, that had many specialty products, and that had a lot of ability to attract crowds and yet lacked a great many things. There were countless opportunities to profit.

"Let me state my second request then."

Conanna flashed an amazed smile.

"Before that, let me inform you that I will collect a tax of 10% of your monthly gross profits. That and nothing more."

"Our gross profit and not our net profit? It's still cheap. Very well, alright. Now then, I would like to set up shop as soon as possible but is it possible to purchase some land?"

"I shall provide you with an already-built building. You may renovate it your liking. It has utilities including a water well, a drainage system, and access to water from the hot spring. I will also give your firm a Silver Golem. Let it serve as my apology for not being able to procure my city's products... at least, not from me."

“I’m very thankful. May I inquire what you mean by that last part, Procell-sama?”

I guess it was only natural to be intrigued. If this was a normal trade, the merchant would bring in items for him to sell and on his way back, he would stock up on items he could sell on other cities. Being unable to accomplish the latter would halve his profits.

“Sooner or later, this city would have its first immigrants and when they have grown their own produce—be it the apples you’ve so praised or the high quality wheat you can’t find in any other city—the immigrants would then be able sell some to you. Also, many adventurers are bound to stop by at this city and with them are the treasures they’ve gained in the nearby dungeon. Treasures that should be up for purchase. I have no intention whatsoever to regulate the trade with these people I’ve mentioned.”

“Yes, it would seem I can indeed obtain them through those means. It’s regrettable I have no way of procuring batches of your most special swords but this should be plenty enough. And then, about that golem?”

When he asked about the golems, his eyes changed colors. A merchant would probably recognize their significance right away.

“I’m hoping you’ll let it pull your carriage instead of a horse. They may not sprint as fast as a horse but over a long distance, a Silver Golem will be able to outrun one. With its strength, it’ll allow you to load more into the carriage. It doesn’t eat, drink, or even get tired. And with its power that will rival a C rank monster, it could act as a guard too.”

Such were the appeals of a golem. Horses needed time and money to raise and look after. In times of monster attacks, they also needed to be defended.

Golems were inherently slow so I was going to give the merchant a Silver Golem to satisfy my statement.

Moreover, in this age where monsters ran rampant, it was necessary to hire adventurers as one’s guards.

A Silver Golem were able fulfill all those roles and would therefore greatly reduce the cost of transportation.

“Furthermore, I will prepare houses for the employees of your store. Though let me state one thing: they would have to pay the tax I mentioned earlier about your store: 10% of the money they’ve gained.”

My proposed terms were insanely good.

“Wait, wait a minute, Procell-sama, what, what is up with those terms!? Are you serious with those?”

“Didn’t you express it yourself? That your store would become a definite boon to my city? Hence, these terms. Consider it an investment to make my city grow, if you wish. If somehow these terms are not to your liking, feel free to turn it down for I could just offer the same deal to another firm.”

At that, the merchant flinched.

He probably thought my offer was too good to be true. And though he still doubted it, he feared for the deal to go to another’s firm.

With that in my mind, I decided to appease his.

“Conanna-san, all that said, in exchange for such a generous condition, I would like to ask for something in return.”

“...Which is?”

“I would like you to promote this city and its charms to your firm’s contacts. And also to spread the fact that we are looking to take in immigrants.”

I handed him a piece of paper.

Written on it were the things that detailed the recruitment process.

“This is?”

“This city won’t be composed only of adventurers passing by but also of permanent residents that we hopefully could recruit. At the moment, we are specially looking for tenant farmers to tend to the remaining unused farmlands.”

“This tax is too cheap, Procell-sama. The tenant farmers would find this most fascinating. Did you know that in Eclaba, the tax is 70% of what they could harvest? And yours is just 30%! I’m honestly wondering how this city could

function with just this much of taxes.”

“Easily is my answer. Thanks, in part, to the Golems protecting our city free of charge. And also to the magic of the demi-humans who had built the various infrastructures like the waterways. It’s far cheaper this way than if humans were tasked to take care of the city.”

Naturally, making humans do both tasks would cost an unthinkable amount of money. Not to mention, we built the city in a week whereas humans would take more than a decade to do so.

“...Very well. We will make use of our contacts to disseminate the news that your city is looking for immigrants. Phew, you are sorely lacking in greed, Procell-sama. If you were to have such a mindset though, you should be able to earn a lot more.”

“Saying I’m not greedy is rude, is it not? Anyway, I am greedy. It’s just that it isn’t money that I’m greedy for.”

Conanna and I shook hands. And with that, our contract was sealed.

The distribution of goods in the city would increase right away, all while Avalon was being promoted.

If I consulted with him, he might even recommend me talented individuals.

...and a big firm such as his was sure to have some political power. To an extent, I was relying on it.

“Conanna-san, let me give you a piece of advice. Know that Avalon and I will trade with you in full honesty but also know that we will not forgive anyone who betrays us. We don’t especially mind whatever it is you do in the shadows but please be reminded that there are no secrets that could be hidden from me here in this city.”

“I understand. I will not kill the goose that lays me golden eggs.”

We then both smiled.

Afterwards, I showed him a few of the houses. He decided on which one to take and we then hammered out the details.

It was only in passing but he mentioned that aside from his store, he would

also like to someday open brothels, bars, and the likes, all of which I regarded positively.

The most efficient method in business wasn't to work hard to develop a product and then sell it. Rather, it was to prepare a place where trade could be done and let the people and merchants gathered there to do their own trading give you a part of their profits.

But then again, if I could spare it, I think I would like to open up even one restaurant, just to have fun.

At any rate, with this conclusion, my city would grow rapidly.

I saw Conanna off as he rode away on his carriage being pulled by a Silver Golem.

As a sign of our friendship, I gave it to him sooner rather than later. Should he not honor our deal and just run off with it, there would be no real damage so I did not hesitate to do so.

When I tried to get back home, I felt that something gently touched my shoulder.

"Oh, you came again?"

On my shoulder was a little blue bird.

I guessed he came to deliver a letter from [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas.

In the letter, she stated that she had also built her own dungeon, managed to lure in adventurers to it, and earned the DP that they gave. Also, as her rival, she asked, in a rather provocative manner, how I was doing.

"Ohh, nothing less from Stolas. In this short amount of time, she has managed to put together her own proper dungeon. Nevertheless, really, that fellow..."

However, halfway-through the provocative letter, it changed into a letter that seemed to say she cared for me. It detailed advice she got from her parent, the [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth. She also implied that in case a [War] was declared on me, she would back me up.

...I got myself a good friend indeed.

“You don’t have to worry, Stolas, everything’s going fine here as well.”

I wrote my reply to her letter as I passed through the entrance located within the [Mine] area. This entrance skillfully hidden by both Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf led to the underground dungeon, the other face of Avalon. A dungeon designed to thoroughly annihilate anything that dare stray within.

Should anyone make it past the first room guarded by the Mithril Golems and their heavy-machine guns, they would be greeted by the Undead in their favored graveyard area in the second room.

Also there were the bread and ordnance factories.

The Skeletons diligently made bread in the bread factory while some of them continuously made bombs with the materials I produced using [Creation]. For 20 DP each, the Skeletons sure were a great addition to our workforce.

This room also had a sky and if you looked up to see it, you would find the Griffon flying there. Flying with it were the monsters two ranks below it, the rock-carrying Hippogriffs. By creating a Griffon via Synthesis, I was able to purchase D rank monsters that could fly and carry a certain load. They were convenient in various ways. It also helps that they were cheap and could be mass produced.

They were repeatedly picking up rocks from the ground and dropping it off from high in the sky.

“Okay, your training has borne fruit. You have grown incredibly precise, haven’t you? Even our air-raid unit training has gone well, huh.”

They were to serve both as shield and spear in our fighting force.

And now, my preliminary preparations were complete. It’s time to focus on the other face of Avalon for the shadows of [War] were creeping in.

Chapter 18: New Power

Conanna's Curtrude trading company arrived and the city grew even livelier. For why would it not be when there were so many humans that had come here in such a short amount of time as result of the merchant's use of his contacts to promote our city? The adventurers too added to the buzz with their satisfaction over the great array of new products brought by the trading company—products that the store managed by the fox-girls didn't have.

That said, that didn't mean the sales of the store managed by fox-girls declined for we still had the apples that were blessed by Ancient Elf and the swords forged by the Dwarf Smiths, both of which couldn't be bought anywhere else.

So basically, we sold our specialty products while the Curtrude trading company took care of the rest. We existed in complete harmony without interfering with one another.

In contrast, the city benefitted from the opening of the trading company's branch store by it creating jobs. The employees of these jobs increased our count of settlers.

Although the merchant and I came to an agreement that the city's store would only sell the things that could be harvested in the city or the things that could be made from the products being sold by the stores here, it wasn't really a bother. If I did want to increase the kind of things our city could sell, like meat and eggs, all we needed to do was raise them.

In fact, it might be a good idea to have at least one more special product other than the apples and swords or maybe even build a recreational facility like a casino or something like that.

And then there were the increasing number of farmers.

In the city of Eclaba, 70% of the crops they had grown were taken away from them as tax but in this city, that amount was reduced to only 30%. Moreover, in addition to the promise of an abundant harvest, our farmlands were being blessed by elves and the harvested crops were bound to be extraordinarily nutritious and delicious. Information of those alone should convince a lot of the farmers to immigrate.

The timing was perfect too. The farmers had just harvested their crops for this year so instead of growing their crops back in their previous respective towns, a lot of them opted to terminate their contract with their landlords and move here.

At the moment, I was patrolling the city along with Kuina, Elder Dwarf, and Ancient Elf.

“It’s all going so well, it’s kinda scary.”

“The humans are amazing. Kuina’s a little surprised.”

Gazing at the city that had all of a sudden became populated and abuzz, Kuina exclaimed so.

“I agree. Even though we can make amazing things, that is something beyond us.”

“I know, right? They’re weak so in order to live, they have to be wise and ingenious. It’s in this regard that we are inferior to them.”

Elder Dwarf and Ancient Elf expressed their agreement to Kuina’s thoughts.

The people of the Curtrude trading company had assumed various duties so

the girls' workload had lightened. Add in the fact that the number of Dwarf Smiths and High Elves had increased, the girls were actually quite free.

When I had given the humans the authority to govern themselves to a certain extent, they were able to quickly make rules that would allow them live peacefully and easily.

They were basically autonomous although I still held the final say on things.

All that said though, that didn't mean everything was perfect. Since the people of the Curtrude trading company were handling most of the management of the city, much of the authority also befell on them.

Still, I had the right to have the final say. And probably most important of all, we were the only ones in charge of handling the city's security. With these in mind, I doubt anything strange would happen anytime soon.

"Master, Kuina, Elf, I have something I must show you all. I have at last finished the new weapons. I finally got the time to develop weapons so I did my best."

"Woah, Kuina's shotgun got even stronger??"

"Mhm. I've leveled up so my enchant magic also got stronger and thus the things that I could do have increased."

"Thank you, El-chan!"

Kuina then embraced Elder Dwarf. In the battle against the Emerald Dragon some time ago, Kuina was forced to use the full-auto mode of her shotgun and as a result, it broke down.

It was repaired soon after but Elder Dwarf had promised Kuina that she was going to improve the gun and make it able to endure firing fully automatically.

“I have also finished improving Elf’s anti-materiel rifle. I promised you that I will improve its range and firepower more than what it was currently capable of and I had done just that.”

“I love El-chan as well!”

Ancient Elf proceeded to hug Kuina and Elder Dwarf while they were in an embrace themselves.

Kuina was overcome with her emotions and thus hugged Elder Dwarf but Ancient Elf did so simply because she liked cute girls and enjoyed seeing Kuina and Elder Dwarf in such a happy mood.

Oh well, it’s alright, I thought. Three beautiful girls embracing one another was quite the sight.

“Ugh, it’s hot. Let go of me.”

The short Elder Dwarf spoke in a somewhat pained voice and separated from Kuina and Ancient Elf.

“Elder Dwarf, sorry to be so sudden but can you show us the new weapons?”

“Yes, I planned to do so from the start. I had it prepared.”

And so, we headed to her workshop.



The moment we reached the workshop, Elder Dwarf brought out two cases.

When she opened one, a shotgun emitting a silver brilliance was there.

“First off, here is Kuina’s shotgun. The Curtana EDS-03. From being made of only mithril, it is now made of an alloy that is composed of three rare metals:

mithril, orihalcum, and adamantite. It's heavier but it's also far stronger. This is more durable and should be able to endure firing fully automatically. But due to issues with its internal mechanisms, firing fully-automatically in quick succession will risk it of breaking down. After firing it in full-automatic mode, I ask you restrain from doing so again right away."

"Thanks, El-chan! I'm happy I can fire it again like that."

"I've enchanted it with [Explosion]. By just applying magic power to the gun, the shells it will fire off will have that effect. In the moment the shell scatters, [Explosion] will activate and cause the pellets the shell is composed of to travel at a faster and stronger rate."

That's interesting, I thought. Like so, the shell would be accelerated only after it had been fired so, despite increasing the shell's firepower many times over, it would have no impact on the gun's barrel and would thus not increase the recoil.

"Amazing! Like this, Kuina will be more powerful."

"But Kuina, if you apply too much of your magic power to gun all at once, it will break. So you need to gauge it. I'll help you practice later."

"El-chan, you're the best!"

Kuina tried to hug Elder Dwarf once more but it would seem Elder Dwarf had learned so she held out her right hand and placed it on Kuina's forehead to stop her.

Kuina flapped and swung both of her hands in protest for a while but gave up in the end and separated, disappointment visible in her face.

"There is no need to hug me; this is my job. Now then, Elf. I have also completed your anti-materiel rifle. Here it is, the Durandal EDAM-01."

Elder Dwarf opened the other case and stored there was the large high-powered rifle whose purpose was to shoot even through armored vehicles.

However, it was different from ordinary anti-materiel rifles which were known to have long gun barrels as this rifle only had about half of that length.

“There are three main points where this rifle is improved. First, is that the gun barrel is only half of its usual length, allowing better maneuverability as well as making the gun lighter. In that regard, the bullets fired will follow a less straight trajectory, have less closed space to traverse, have less time to burn, and have less firepower. But then, that is where your virtual barrel made of wind comes in.”

“That works. I have always been using the virtual barrel from the start so having a shorter barrel isn’t an issue.”

It was a feat only Ancient Elf could accomplish. Even the High Elves couldn’t do as much since they lacked the same mastery over wind to fully realize a gun barrel.

“I thought as much given that it’s Elf. The second point for improvement focuses on improving the gun’s strength and durability by simplifying its recoil mechanism. So be prepared for the recoil. In addition, I have further increased its strength while also making it lighter by changing the materials the rifle is made of with the same alloy of rare metals as that of Kuina’s shotgun. Its bullets too are now the same mithril bullets which have more than twice the power of an ordinary bullet. If you couple all that with the simplified recoil mechanism, expect extreme recoil so once again, be prepared for it.”

If a human were to fire off such a rifle, it would result either in the rifle flying

off or, in an attempt to hold down the rifle with his body, his bones being broken by it.

“This too isn’t much of an issue. I negate the recoil with my wind cushion, anyway. ...so far, we’ve only talked about the gun itself, haven’t we?”

“Mhm, completely about the gun’s mechanisms. I’ve also enchanted it with [Rotation] and [Acceleration]. By putting some of your magic power into it, the bullets will rotate and traverse at a very high speed. It will travel in a straighter trajectory and have a higher piercing capability.”

Those were simple but great enchantments. And precisely because they were simple, it was possible to apply two of them.

For the sniper Ancient Elf, there was no better gun. It was so not just because Elder Dwarf had the skills to be a master blacksmith, a genius one at that, but also because she was able to pay careful attention to the abilities and personalities of her companions thus enabling her to make weapons that perfectly matched their owners.

And through it all, she never became conceited. That, without a doubt, was one of her best qualities.

“Elf-chan, Kuina wants to try out the new shotgun right away!”

“Me too! I want to know just how much this little one has grown!”

The two, in their excitement, struggled for breath.

“Master, I feel the same as these two. I’d like to go to the [Crimson Cavern] to test their new weapons and to also level up our new companions. May we?”

“Why, that’s a great idea. Shall we go, everyone?”

“Let’s go!”

“Roger, master.”

“I’m looking forward to it!”

And like that, we decided to go to the [Crimson Cavern] along with our newest members, the newly created Dwarf Smiths and High Elves.

I had also decided on one other thing. I wanted to reward her for her major contributions to building the city, to improving our fighting force, and for whatever else.

When the might of the new weapons are displayed in our upcoming hunt, I would give Elder Dwarf the thing she most desires.

“Master, why are you looking at my face like that? Is something wrong?”

“Nothing... but now that I think about it, has there been no improvement in the development of your own weapon?”

“I’ve just finished a prototype but I still can’t show it yet. Once I do though, I’m sure master will be astonished. I may be weaker than Kuina or Elf for now... but after I’ve finished it, I’ll be equal if not stronger than them.”

Elder Dwarf smiled from ear to ear as she declared so.

Her innocent face was so cute, I absent-mindedly brushed head.

Chapter 19: Rorono

The [Crimson Cavern]; the dungeon without a Demon Lord.

With its Demon Lord now gone, the core kept on making monsters on its own. Furthermore, the [Maelstroms] that were in place from when the Demon Lord was still alive also continued to gush forth new monsters each day.

Originally, it was a dungeon ruled by the [Flame] Demon Lord and as such, most if not all of it were volcanic areas. There were many monsters made of [Flame] too.

Each day, a fixed amount of monsters were being made so we were using it as a convenient hunting ground.

“I’d like to also make a [Maelstrom].”

“Oto-san, what’s wrong?”

“No, it’s nothing.”

By paying a hundred times that of the price of a monster one could buy with DP, one could purchase a [Maelstrom] which was able to gush forth that monster each day.

Demon Lords—other than myself—could only synthesize monsters of up to A rank. That meant that they could only buy monsters two ranks below A rank, or in other words C rank monsters of that lineage. But since I could make S rank monsters, I was able to buy even B rank monsters with DP.

Having one new B rank monster each day was a great boon.

After all, B rank monsters—monsters that originally could only be made through synthesis— were such powerful monsters that they served as the main force of most Demon Lords.

However, as my fighting force was still not yet ready, it was far more preferable to have a hundred monsters right away than to save up for a [Maelstrom]. I guessed I won't have one anytime soon.

“Please be careful. An enemy is approaching.”

Ancient Elf informed us so.

She had attuned herself with the wind here and was therefore able to perceive the state of things wherever there was wind.

This was perhaps the best radar above ground.

“Elf-chan, please tell us detailed information about the enemy.”

“Okay. It's an armadillo type monster covered in hard scales.”

“Ahh, that one. I know it. Leave this one to Kuina.”

We had been going in and out of this dungeon a considerable amount of times so we had understood the kind of monsters that were spawning.

“Kuina-chan, it will be here soon. Please ready yourself.”

Around thirty seconds after Ancient Elf warned her so, the enemy arrived.

Its appearance was that of an armadillo except for the metallic glow emitting from its back and the spikes littered all over it.

It was a C rank monster. An Iron Armadillo.

As its name would suggest, its back was covered in steel and had high defense.

“Just the right thing to test my shotgun on.”

Said Kuina, smiling.

The Iron Armadillo rolled itself into a ball and then rolled forward.

In all regards, it was the bane of gun users.

On top of it being absolutely tough, the countless spikes on its back had the effect of deflecting bullets.

But Kuina, against such an enemy, dove right in.

Her silver shotgun, the Curtana, then shone red, a clear indicator she was pouring magic power into it.

She pulled the trigger and a thunderous sound shook the air. Her shotgun made use of the high powered 4 gauge shells hence that sound. However, there was another sound that soon followed.

Due to the enchantment Elder Dwarf placed on the gun, whenever a shell was going burst into countless pellets, [Explosion] was also set to activate which would accelerate the pellets and thus further increasing their destructiveness.

The countless pellets pierced through the tough metallic carapace and came into contact with the enemy's flesh, further drilling into its body.

“Amazing! It's more than what I imagined! This gun is the best! Even shotshells can penetrate like that!”

Kuina spoke with delight obvious in her voice, happy to have that much power in her gun.

“I’m glad you liked it. For now, try out the full-auto mode.”

“Okay! If I had this gun firing slugs fully automatically before, during our hard fight with the wind dragon, I think I could have beaten it a somewhat easier manner.”

It really did seem so.

Afterwards, Kuina had beaten about three enemies and her tests were thus concluded. When she tried to shoot her shotgun fully automatically, it did as was expected and didn’t broke down. Kuina was so happy, she kept swinging her tail.



“Then, next is my turn.”

Kuina finished her test firing so now it was Ancient Elf’s turn to do so.

We exited the cave area and proceeded to an area sprawling with lava.

With lava burning all around us, it was extremely hot.

It was an extremely dangerous area wherein if one failed to step on the narrow footholds, they would be plunged headfirst into the lava.

“Well then, I’m off. Please wait there, everyone.”

Ancient Elf said so as she jumped in the air and flew.

The lack of footholds was not an issue for her.

Still, I worried. I worried because somewhere here, enemy monsters were lurking. Specifically the rock-skinned giant snakes swimming in the sea of lava. They rarely come out of the lava so we generally tend to avoid them.

However, Ancient Elf said to leave it to her.

Did she have some kind of plan, I wondered.

She hovered in the air and aimed the anti-materiel rifle that Elder Dwarf masterfully made, the Durandal EDAM-01, toward the ground.

She must have been looking for her prey, I thought.

“But that can’t be... is she planning to shoot them through the lava?”

As if to answer my question, Ancient Elf pulled the trigger. Even I who had far better kinetic vision when compared to a human couldn’t keep up with the extremely fast bullet her gun fired off whereas before this, I was still somehow able to see it in motion. Its initial velocity had clearly increased. The mithril bullet must have synergized with [Acceleration], the first of the two enchantments placed on Durandal.

The lava where the fired off bullet struck formed a swirl, probably the effect of the second enchantment: [Rotation].

The lava then rose and exploded, the sounds of it following moments later.

And then, some moments more later, the corpse of a giant snake floated on the surface of the lava, its head clearly blown off. It must have been an instant death, I thought.

The bullet's power should have been largely attenuated by lava and yet it still had enough to go through the giant snake's head.

Most likely, the [Acceleration] and [Rotation] enchantments were responsible for that. The bullet, by travelling at such a high speed and having that much torque, was able to maintain its straight trajectory despite pushing its way through the lava and was even able to hit its mark. Furthermore, that rotation gave it so much destructive force that the bullet didn't just pierce through the snake, it gouged and shredded its flesh.

For Ancient Elf who possessed the [Shooter of Magical Projectiles]—which enhances the accuracy and power of long range weapons—such a rifle made her all the more powerful.

I don't know if it was simply because she wasn't satisfied with just one prey but she rapid-fired at different targets as she moved through the air just like an acrobat.

There in the sky was a highly lethal and highly mobile artillery battery. Such was Ancient Elf. She was already far more than a single soldier; she was a so-called tactical weapon.

And then, one by one, the corpses of giant snakes floated over the lava. Maybe it was because we avoided the giant snakes—for we thought they were not worth the effort—that there were so many of them here.

We were dumbfounded as we watched Ancient Elf's sniping exhibition.

After some time, done with sweeping up the enemies, she triumphantly returned.

"El-chan, this gun's the greatest! Its firepower has increased sooo much and since it's so easy to wield, I can aim it at the next target right away. Plus it's such

a durable one so I can be rash and shoot it as much as I want!”

The trigger happy Ancient Elf said such as she pressed her new beloved gun to her cheeks as if to embrace it.

I knew how she felt. Anyone would be excited if they could have a high performing gun.

Elder Dwarf had magnificently prepared the best guns for Kuina and Ancient Elf.

“I’m glad you liked it. I was worried I overly customized it.”

“It’s the best and easiest to use gun for me! Thank you very much!”

I smiled as I watched the three. Kuina, Elder Dwarf, and Ancient Elf excitedly discussed the performance of the guns.

Elder Dwarf seemed proud and rightly so, for her guns were the best. Thus, I decided to give her the reward I’ve thought of.

“Elder Dwarf, I have something I want to say to you.”

“What is it, master?”

She asked as she tilted her incredibly cute head.

“You have been conducting yourself really well. You have made us our weapons and helped to improve our army. The golems you’ve made serve as both a substantial part of our fighting force as well as a part of the city’s workforce. Even on the construction of the city’s infrastructures, yours were the largest contributions. I don’t intend on disregarding everybody else’s contributions but such are what I believe as true.”

Perhaps it was due to her being embarrassed so much but her face grew red. She then hung her head down so as to conceal it.

And as she was like that, Kuina and Ancient Elf talked to her.

“Kuina agrees! El-chan had worked the most!”

“Yeah, that’s right, I think so too.”

“...that’s... not... it... I only did what I could...”

Elder Dwarf grew even more embarrassed as her white skin was dyed completely red.

“And today, you’ve given Kuina and Ancient the best weapons for them. Of course, you may develop something even better someday but the fact still stands. And as such, I wish to give you something to show my recognition of your efforts.”

“Master...”

“I want to grant you a name. I want to reward you who have worked more than anyone else; you who have helped the creation of the city more than anyone else; and you who have improved our forces more than anyone else. I want to reward you in hopes that you will make use of your new powers to further help my cause.”

I declared so and smiled.

On her face, tears began to fall.

“Is it alright to be me?”

“There can’t be anyone else. Rather, I want to ask you, Elder Dwarf: will you

be willing to live on as one of my [Monsters of the Covenant]? To devote yourself as one of my generals?”

“That should not even be asked. Yes, with pleasure! I wish to serve you all my life, master.”

“Then, from now on, you shall be known as **Rorono!**”

I named her after the best blacksmith from the world in my memory.

“That’s my name... Rorono... It sounds good... I am Rorono... Rorono...”

Elder Dwarf, no, Rorono repeatedly said her name over and over again.

Her body was then wrapped with faint light, signifying that she received power from her Demon Lord as well as signifying that our fates were then forever intertwined.

As for me, I received deeper knowledge about her race and just like Celestial Foxes, Elder Dwarves still had much hidden potential.

“And now, you are also one of my [Monsters of the Covenant]”

“Mhm. I am master’s.”

Rorono proudly smiled. But soon hesitated in speaking:

“Ahm, master, now that I am your [Monster of the Covenant], I have something I wish. Is it alright for me to say it?”

“Of course.”

“From time to time... let me call you Father. Kuina has always been calling you Oto-san and I’m envious.”

I absentmindedly burst into laughter; what a silly thing to ask for.

“But of course you can, Rorono. From now on, call me Father as much as you want.”

“Okay, Father! I will do my best now more than ever.”

Her eyes shone as she looked at me. She was too cute; I absentmindedly hugged her.



Chapter 20: Proclamation of War

We ended our hunting session for the day and were setting out to return to our city of Avalon.

Kuina—merrily swinging her new weapon—and Ancient Elf seemed satisfied that they were able to perform so well.

And even after the girls fought with all their might, their guns proved reliable and didn't show any sign of breaking down. Reliability is the utmost important thing to consider about guns; no matter how powerful a gun can be, it is worthless if it can't be used when you need it most.

“Master, I'll work even harder from now on.”

On our trip back, Elder Dwarf, rather, Rorono was adherently sticking close to me as we walked.

I noticed she reverted back to calling me master. She did say she was only going to call me Father from time to time so maybe that meant it was only going to be on special occasions.

Kuina always had a sort of rivalry with Rorono and would compete to be the one to be close to me but this time, she was just quietly and joyfully watching us. She did prided herself as an elder sister so this was probably her being one and giving way to her younger sister.

“I'm expecting much from you, Rorono.”

“Mhm.”

The moment I said *Rorono*, she smiled from ear to ear.

I then looked back to Ancient Elf who was walking about two steps behind me. She too was smiling.

She had worked hard as well so I wanted to also give her a name.

However, before I even had the chance to voice my thoughts, she went first.

“Master, don’t worry about me. I still haven’t done enough to earn a name.”

Really, why are all my monsters so obstinate?

Even though I thought each of them had done more than enough...

“Alright, I’ll give it to you *at a later time*.”

I figured she would at least accept my intention of naming her.

“Yes, I’ll look forward to it. I’ll do my utmost to be worthy of being named.”

With the way things were going, the day I would grant her a name didn’t seem far.

Truth be told, I already had an appropriate name for her.



We had returned to the transfer array at our home.

“Master, I have work to do so see you later.”

“Me too, to grow more apple trees. Pretty soon, the demand will outweigh our supplies.”

Rorono and Ancient Elf quickly returned to their own duties.

I then remembered that soon a full month would have passed since I last made a [Creation] original medal and would thus soon be able to make another.

I have to carefully choose which monster I'm going to create next, I thought.

It seemed like I already had enough monsters that could help around with the administration of the city so a monster focused purely on battles was what I wanted this time around.

Kuina and I then read the proposal that came from the people at the Curtrude trading company regarding the city's administrative policies.

“Oto-san, you're making a scary face.”

“No, it's just that I didn't think the humans would show their greed so soon.”

Perhaps it was because I was being too generous but their proposals had been rapidly becoming more and more demanding. I wondered: *are they under the misguided thought that they were the rulers of this city?*

By my guess, the trading companies would eventually tell the country about the particulars of this city and assist on the city's requisition. They would then collaborate with a large amount of soldiers and adventurers and try to drive me and my monsters out of the city to claim it for their own.

Well, if at least that much did happen, they would soon realize the cost of their folly.

I figured it would take the country at least a half of a year to determine they would indeed attack my city, collect the necessary funds, recruit and train the soldiers for their cause, formulate a stratagem, and then finally mobilize. If so, then I had more than enough time to build my fighting force and have a plan of my own.

“I guess I have to subtly warn them. Geez, if only they observed what is right and proper, all would be happy.”

Oh well, even if it did happen, it won't be anytime soon.

Thus, I put an X on the documents.

“Ah, Oto-san, I feel magic power from that letter!”

Among the bunch of documents, it was another letter addressed to me.

Recently, petitions from the city Eclaba and those surrounding it had arrived. These petitions requested the exportation of the apple seeds and the dwarf-made weapons. In addition to these petitions, many were also asking to buy the golems.

Of course, I had turned all these requests down politely.

Since there were many merchants looking to directly buy our products in large bulks, I implemented a policy that, for items like the swords, we would sell only one of such per person.

The smart Mythological Foxes had good memory so they knew whom to not sell the swords again. Even resale merchants would find it hard to procure many

swords at once since they had to buy each sword from a different person, thus forcing them to stay in this city which was beneficial to me.

“It seems to be from a Demon Lord from the same generation as I am in.”

I found it quite amusing that to send a letter, a Demon Lord would make use of the same communication networks used by the humans.

I read the letter and it said that the other party wanted to meet face to face and that if I was interested in the said meeting, I should go to a certain café in Eclaba on the specified date.

It was tedious but such couldn't be helped. After all, us new Demon Lords had a rule that forbade us from harming one another other than when both parties were at [War]. As an exception to this rule, if a Demon Lord were to somehow creep himself into one's dungeon, the dungeon owner was allowed to one-sidedly attack the intruder as a form of self-defense.

So in short, if Demon Lords wanted to have a peaceful conversation, somewhere outside of both of their dungeons was preferable.

“Oto-san, what will you do?”

“I'll go.”

“But it's dangerous. That Demon Lord might declare war on you.”

Once a declaration of [War] was made, [War] couldn't be refused.

There was also rule that stated both Demon Lords had to be facing each other when declaring [War] so if one were to lock himself within his own dungeon, extremely speaking, he could kill his would-be-[War]-opponent Demon Lord assuming that Demon Lord came into the dungeon.

Furthermore, even if the declaration of [War] was successfully made, by

killing the enemy Demon Lord before he left the dungeon, it would be considered a victory even before the [War] has officially started.

“It’s alright. Even if it turns out to be like that, I don’t think it’s such a bad thing. After all, I am required to be in a [War] within a year’s time. So I should not pass up the chance to be safely in one.”

I was sure I was invited for something like that.

The other Demon Lord had most probably done his own preparations for a [War] but I didn’t fear losing for I believed in my subordinates.

Besides, I was sure I had the best DP income among the new Demon Lords. So long as it was through standard means, I seriously doubted newly made dungeons could make as much in this short amount of time.

“Alright but if they do intend to fight, I have a good finishing move thought up!”

The mention of *finishing move* got me worried but Kuina was always serious when fighting so it should be fine.

“Now then, I wonder just what the heck kind of talk this will turn out to be.”

As I continued to go through the paperwork for the administration of the city, my thoughts unconsciously wandered toward my meeting with the other Demon Lord.

Chapter 21: Private Talks

Morning came. This day was the day of my meeting with the other new Demon Lord.

Lying on my bed, I opened my eyes and felt something warm on both my arms.

“...Oto-san, another cup...”

“...Master, brush my head...”

Hugging my right arm was the fox-eared beautiful girl Kuina and purring softly as she embraced my left arm was the silver-haired dwarf Rorono.

Both were wearing thin nightwears.

Kuina wasn't just coiled in my right arm, her tail was wrapping around my leg too. It had such a soft feel to it.

I was using a king-sized bed so sleeping together with everyone was no bother.

The girls, soft and good smelling, were the world's best hug pillows. I who was riddled with numerous worries was healed.

Ancient Elf was sleeping peacefully besides Kuina, by the way. Our sleeping arrangement each night was decided by way of rotation. Each night, the ones on my sides would change and it was only by chance that it was the two today.

I looked at my beloved girls' sleeping faces and gently—so as to not wake them—brushed their heads. I once more I thought that I had to protect these girls and their happiness.



After eating breakfast, we made use of a pair of transfer arrays to go to an abandoned house in the slums of Eclaba city. Humans rarely came here so I figured that it was safe to lay down a transfer array here. After all, it was convenient in various ways to be able to directly move to the city.

“Kuina, you don’t have to be so vigilant like that.”

“No, today, Kuina is Oto-san’s guard and I can’t let my guard down. Even if the Demon Lords and their followers are forbidden to hurt one another, there’re a countless loopholes to that!”

What she said was certainly true.

For example, one could summon wild and rabid monsters and just relinquish his control over it. By doing so, those monsters were no longer treated as his followers and even if those same monsters ran amok and fought an enemy Demon Lord, the Demon Lord that summoned them would not be at fault.

Additionally, one could hire powerful humans and make them attack the enemy.

I had just thought of it but evidently, there really were a lot of loopholes to the rule.

Truth be told, Rorono and Ancient Elf also wanted to come but I instead asked them to stay and take care of things while I was gone.

There was also the possibility that the other Demon Lords had something planned and thus I wanted to reserve the majority of my fighting force to the city. And of course, there was the fact that the girls had their own jobs to do.

I brought Kuina along since guarding me had been her role all along.

She was highly versatile: from doing intelligence gathering—by making use of [Transform]—to head-on confrontations. Whenever going out of the city, Kuina

was the best choice to act as my guard.

“Alright, I’ll be relying on you then.”

“Sure, I won’t let them lay even a finger on Oto-san!”

Thus, Kuina became even more pumped.

I smiled at her and then proceeded to head to the café that was the designated meeting place.



With the aroma of good coffee drifting through the air, the specified café seemed like an extremely high-class store despite coffee being a luxury in this city.

When I approached, a light-brown-haired young man on a terrace seat waved his hand.

He fashioned a stylish jacket from which I could feel magic power similar to my Demon Lord clothes, convincing me beyond doubt that this man was the Demon Lord that invited me here.

Nevertheless, he certainly had adapted to the city. I had heard from Marcho that there were many Demon Lords that were fond of indulging themselves in amusement mainly intended for humans but he blending right in in the city must be a special case altogether.

“Hey, glad you came. I’m the [Steel] Demon Lord, Zagan.”

“I’m the [Creation] Demon Lord, Procell. May I ask why you’ve invited me here?”

Unintentionally, I didn't have the chance to make his acquaintance on the [Evening Party] so we first introduced ourselves.

According to the intelligence I had gathered, I had a rough idea on the ranks of the medals of the Demon Lords in my generation and I knew that his [Steel] was a B rank medal.

In a straightforward fight, there was little to no chance for me to lose against him.

"We met for only one purpose: to discuss [War]. Let me say this beforehand though: I am allied with two other Demon Lords. In short, the three of us are ready to [War]."

Is this the source of his confidence, I thought.

If they were to challenge me despite knowing of my strength based on the exhibition on the [Evening Party], they needed to at least be this prepared.

"I see."

"You're not surprised?"

"I have anticipated this much. So, did you come here today to use your superior numbers as a shield from me? Or do the three of you perhaps intend to declare [War] on me here and now?"

For his sake, I hoped Zagan understood that if they were to indeed go to [War] against me, even if their alliance won, their losses would be too great.

Considering that, it was then fully understandable if he made use of the might of their alliance as a shield to avoid [War] altogether.

"Pfft, ahahahaha! You really are something. Such confidence despite it all. But then again, if you were disturbed by this, negotiations would have easily broken

down.”

[Steel] Demon Lord Zagan distorted his handsome face with a smile.

“[Creation] Demon Lord Procell, you’re strong. So strong that even against three Demon Lords, you still feel like you have a chance to win. A chance, but not a certainty... on the contrary, don’t you feel like the odds are stack against you? Anyway though, personally, if against you as the opponent, I need to be prepared to suffer some loss, something I would like to avoid if at all possible.”

“I wonder. Well, let me just say that I think even against a single enemy, you can never truly be certain you will be the one to win.”

I knew I mustn’t let my pride get the better of me for I still had no idea where he would spring his trap.

“That’s a good mindset, isn’t it? But what if I told you there is a sure way to gain victory?”

“And that is?”

I grew even more suspicious. He was talking to me as if I no longer was an enemy but rather an ally.

“The two I am allied with, I told them I should first talk to you and convince you to surrender. If in case you didn’t accept, they will declare [War] on you immediately. They’re prepared to transfer here at a moment’s notice. So just to be safe, will you surrender?”

Well, I’ve expected as much from three people teaming up.

“I have no intention whatsoever.”

“Seems about right. Then, my only choice now is to call the other two, isn’t it? But then again... after the two had declared [War] on you, I’m thinking I could declare [War] not on you but on the other two.”

I was a little surprised but then, I understood what this guy was suggesting.

“It would become a two on two rather than a three on one, right? This way, there’s hardly any chance for us to lose. After all, the other two are weaker than you... and I put together. It’s all but certain. Also, like this, we both would be able to clear the condition to break the crystals of other Demon Lords. On top of not needing to participate in another [War], we can also gain new medals.”

“But why would you do such a thing?”

“Because it’s much more profitable for me. We were afraid you, the strongest of our generation, would wage [War] on us so that’s why we came up with this plan but even if the three of us did defeat you, only one of us will be able to break your crystal. The other two will still have to go to war.”

I wasn’t aware of that rule. I knew only of when the victory conditions, like breaking the crystal, were met. If it truly were so, then his words made sense.

“Rather than fight a formidable enemy such as yourself wherein I would undoubtedly lose numerous monsters, I would much prefer to ally with you and defeat a weak enemy. Even you must see that this is much, much better than fighting us three. As a precaution for me though, I would like you to promise that you will not go to [War] against me, at least for a duration of a year.”

Such was [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan’s proposal. To be honest, I was surprised

he went with a third option rather than the two I had thought up.

It was perfectly reasonable too. I had no doubts I would profit should I side with him.

Confident I would say yes to his proposal, Zagan kept smiling.

“I see, I get it. Then, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan, about your proposal,”

Thinking of only the profits to be gained, I had no reason to refuse it but.....

“I refuse.”

I was completely against it.

I didn't know if it was because he was so surprised but Zagan was wide-eyed.

He was surprised even though it was obvious there was completely no way for me to accept his deal, all because of one glaring detail he overlooked.

And so, I decided to begin the real negotiations.

Chapter 22: Irregular Rule

The [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan was discussing with me his alliance with two other Demon Lords.

One of his offers involved him betraying his two allies and teaming up with me to then defeat the other two.

I of course turned down that offer. Zagan trembled and stood, separating himself from his earlier image of an aristocrat calmly enjoying his fine coffee.

“Are you a fool? Did you not understand anything I’ve said? Don’t you get it? This is the best option for you!”

“It certainly is not a bad deal.”

If I fully cooperated with him and did everything as we discussed, victory was all but certain.

At the very least, it would be far easier than fighting three at once.

“Then, why!?”

It seemed strange he even had to ask but then again, it was strange for him to think I would accept such a deal to begin with.

“It’s simple: how can I trust and cooperate with someone who has betrayed his own allies? How can I believe you won’t stab me in the back just like you discarded them? No, at this point, you will undoubtedly do so. There’s even the chance this is all just part of an elaborate plan you cooked up to trap me.”

“How can I even be capable of such?”

“It’s not so inconceivable. After all, you’re doing it already.”

His calm demeanor from his confidence that I would go along with his plans was now nowhere to be seen.

His plan definitely gave more chances of success but I wasn’t so gullible that I would believe someone that would easily betray his allies. And besides, that wasn’t my only reason for refusing.

“Another thing, isn’t it more profitable to fight three Demon Lords at once?”

“What the heck are you talking about?”

“I mean, by doing so, don’t I have a chance to gain three original medals? Oh how can I ever pass this chance up?”

I intentionally flashed him a smug smile and said so as if to suggest they were prey I would naturally hunt.

He visibly trembled. I would guess that he assumed I would have been afraid of the notion of a three on one [War].

“Such arrogance, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell. You will come to regret that decision.”

“Am I now? I think I’ll regret it more to trust someone like you to guard my back.”

He trembled once more and then raised his right hand and voiced the next words out loud:

“Come! Ronove! Morax!”

When he said so, a transfer array appeared on the ground. That transfer array

must have been concealed with some kind of power.

And what appeared out of the array were two Demon Lords.

Ronove was a bipedal frog. He was an extremely unattractive man who stood nearly two meters tall and had boils all over his body.

Morax would have passed for a human man on the prime of his life except he looked fiendish, what with his demonic horns and wings.

The two looked ready and even excited to announce their declaration of [War] against me. It would seem what Zagan said about summoning these two after I refused his proposal for my surrender was true.

Zagan was just about to speak but I decided to cut in and put a damper on things.

“You two, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan here just tried to sell the both of you out. He requested something like an alliance between the two of us and then fight the two of you together. He said that it will be easier for me to defeat two small fries rather than the three of you all together. Not to mention, he will certainly clear the one [War] quota if we allied.”

Upon saying so, the two looked at Zagan and then at me.

A great alliance crumbling so easily.

But then, Zagan clicked his tongue and spoke.

“Don’t be fooled! It’s a trick to confuse us! I will never say those things! If we can’t trust each other, our alliance would be meaningless and he will get exactly what he wants!”

Zagan shouted at the two but they only grew even more confused. I expected he would say something like that but my purpose for speaking was more about planting seeds of doubt so it didn't really matter if they believed me or not. In times I would need it most, I just had to drive a small wedge into their already fragile alliance.

"B-but t-that--"

"What are you mumbling about, Ronove? You're acting like a half-wit. But then again, you can't do anything without me, now can you? So just shut up and listen to me."

"**Hii!** Okay, okay, I get it."

The two-legged frog curled his body down as if to hide.

Evidently that was the power balance between the two.

"You too, Morax, do not be fooled by such tricks. We are allies!"

".....I guess you're right. Yes, I'm sure it's as you say, Zagan."

Hmm, this fiendish-looking demon is actually timid, huh.

Zagan was a small fry but strangely enough, he was of the crafty kind. And he chose Demon Lords he could easily manipulate as his allies.

"Ronove, Morax, quickly! Let's declare war on him. I'll go first!"

Zagan forcibly pushed the idea, leaving them unable to fall back. It wasn't such a bad move.

"I, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan, do hereby challenge [Creation] Demon Lord

Procell to a [War]!”

“I-I, [Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove, do hereby challenge [Creation] Demon Lord Procell to a [War]!”

“I, [Evil] Demon Lord Morax, would like to issue a challenge to [Creation] Demon Lord Procell to a [War]. Yes.”

Zagan started it off and the declarations of war came one after another.

Right after so, I heard a sound within my mind. That sound was the Creator’s voice. It was strange but I felt like I missed it.

<<I acknowledge the declarations of [War]. I approve of the [War] of [Steel], [Viscosity], and [Evil] against [Creation]. The [War] may start in as soon as four days after [Steel]’s utterance of his request. This grace period is given so that each of you may prepare. One hour before the start of the [War], all of the participating Demon Lords’ dungeons will be connected.>>

So this is what happens when war is declared, I thought.

According to the rules, a war could be started in as short as 48 hours after declaration and Demon Lords that were declared [War] on must participate.

I still felt the connection with the Creator and thought it the right time to ask one thing.

“What are the victory conditions for a three on one? I get that I lose if I get killed or my crystal is broken but will I have to break all their crystals to win?”

I wanted to make sure.

If I could win by breaking just one crystal, that would make things a lot easier for me.

But then I heard the Creator’s laughter within my head. *That doesn’t bode well.*

<<The victory conditions for the team of [Steel], [Viscosity], and [Evil] will be: killing [Creation], breaking his crystal, or forcing him to surrender. The victory conditions for [Creation] will be: killing each one of [Steel], [Viscosity], and [Evil]; breaking each of their crystal; or making them all surrender. Also, a twenty-four time limit will be implemented. If by the end of this time limit the war is still ongoing, the team with the most crystals remaining shall win.>>

Wait a minute, did I hear that right?

“A time limit!? And the winner will be the team with most crystals? This is the first time I’ve heard of this rule.”

<<That’s because this is the first time—for new Demon Lords—to have a [War] with this many participants. You see, this many dungeons can’t be linked all at once for a long period of time. It’s unfortunate but that made me impose a time limit. With this, this conversation is thus concluded. I pray each of you do your best.>>

It was an inevitable conclusion. Still, it wasn’t what I anticipated.

I had to come up with a counter-measure but more importantly than that, I had to gather information.

I got hold of the fading presence of the Creator and asked him one more question.

“I would like to ask one more thing. When you ordered us to go to [War] within a year, was the purpose for us to really go to [War] or for us to break another new Demon Lord’s crystal?”

“It’s the latter. You can break crystals even when not involved in a [War].”

Those words were the last words the Creator said before I could no longer

feel his presence within my mind.

I had confirmed what I wanted to confirm. This information shall undoubtedly serve as a weapon.

Nonetheless though, this rule was almost too much.

“Fuhahaha, I could have never imagined there was this kind of trap for you, [Creation] Demon Lord.”

[Steel] Demon Lord looked and laughed at me mockingly.

It was only natural he would, given that this rule put his side in a great advantage.

The fact that there was a time limit of 24 hours and the fact that after said time limit, the side with the most number of crystals remaining would be victor meant that even if their side devoted themselves to defense and ignore offense altogether for 24 hours, they could still win.

They had three crystals to begin with so even if I had been able to break one, they would still win.

Defending a dungeon was easier than assaulting one. And I was outnumbered so the best thing for me to do was to lure them into my dungeon wherein I would have prepared an advantageous battlefield for my forces but, due to the time limit, that option was as good as sealed.

Thus I must take the risk and assault at least two dungeons.

However, if I were to mobilize enough troops for two dungeon conquests, I would not have enough to defend my own and will then be attacked by the third Demon Lord in the blink of an eye.

“Well, do make sure you do your best. While repenting for your arrogance, that is.”

The three Demon Lords activated a transfer array and vanished.

Kuina who was beside me held my hand tightly.

“Oto-san, this rule is quite awful.”

“It is, isn’t it? Indeed, it’s unexpected.”

In the span of 24 hours, I not only would have to endure the fierce attacks of three Demon Lords but would also have to break at least two of their crystals that could only be found in the innermost part of their dungeons.

As I was pondering on my circumstance, Kuina looked at me and replacing the worry on her face was a forced but cheering smile, an effort perhaps to encourage me.

“Don’t worry, we will absolutely win. We will protect Oto-san and Avalon!”

Such powerful words were spoken by Kuina. I was pleased and brushed her head.

Her soft hair and fox ears felt great to touch.

“I’ll be relying on you then, Kuina. Also, it seems you’ve got the wrong idea about something. I have no ounce of doubt about winning. It’s just that with this rule, we might have to fight a little harder than what I thought.”

“Wow, Oto-san, that’s amazing!”

I expected total and complete victory but now, we had to take a little risk to

win.

But then again, this might be a good opportunity for my monsters to experience things. It was better for them to feel tense once in a while.

Now then, time to modify my plans a little as I think up a strategy.



I returned to the dungeon and began to earnestly prepare for [War].

The city's population had increased and the DP I could gain in a day was now close to 1,000 DP.

We were able to entrust most of the jobs to the humans so our own workload had lightened and we were able to go and hunt in the [Crimson Cavern]. We could gain as much as 1,000 DP this way.

Thanks to all that, I currently had 21,500 DP.

With this much, I should be able to do almost everything I was planning and the first on the list was...

"I have to make the third room on the underground dungeon."

The first floor was for the city and anything that could help it while the floors underneath it was a dungeon dedicated to protecting the crystal.

The first room of the dungeon proper was the same two-kilometer-long room that I used against [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and that had Mithril Golems equipped with heavy-machine guns guarding it.

The second room was the graveyard zone that housed the Undead army. It

was a nightmarish labyrinth that was not only littered with countless traps but was also bombarded by the aerial units led by the Griffon.

And then, there was the third room that would be the last line of our defense.

With the rule in mind, I would have to mobilize Kuina, Rorono, and Ancient Elf as part of attacking forces so that our side could win.

And that left only the remaining units for defense. To make the defense successful, I began making the third room. I had to borrow Rorono the Elder Dwarf's help to figure out the room's specifics.

And then, I pondered about the insurance that I could depend on when things got dire.

My enemies were under a wrong assumption for there was a loophole that allowed a Demon Lord to have fighting forces beside himself and his monsters.

To arrive at this loophole, consider these three points:

1. If the rule that states every creature inside the dungeon except Demon Lords and monsters are transferred to a different place at the start of war is put in another way, it can also mean that only Demon Lords and monsters remain within the dungeon at the start of the war.
2. As soon as the [War] has begun, wounding other new Demon Lords and their monsters is allowed. Nowhere does it state that this applies only to the parties involved in the [War].
3. Even if it wasn't their [War], if one broke a crystal, it could fulfill the requirement of going to [War] within a year's time.

Given these three points, I was of the thought that the Creator intentionally made this loophole. If so, I was going to make use of it immediately.

We could win by ourselves but it was better to be prepared.

Owing that fellow wasn't didn't sit well with me but for the sake of my city and my beloved monsters, I didn't have such luxury.

"If they made an alliance of their own, why do they foolishly think I won't do the same?"

Thus, I wrote a letter with a certain friend in mind.

Chapter 23: Supporter

I was in my crystal room, the deepest part of the dungeon beneath Avalon. As I watched the holograms being projected, Rorono, the silver-haired Elder Dwarf, restlessly typed in environmental parameters.

To modify the dungeon, the Demon Lord book and the crystal were both needed. And the form of the interface to input the new information varied depending on the user's perception of it. In her case, it was a computer's keyboard.

"Master, I have completed the basic design. Making the third room itself was no problem but to accomplish master's plan, we need more explosives."

"I'll make more materials via [Creation], then. The question now will be *would we have enough by the due date?*"

"Basing on the current rate of production... Mhm, we'll somehow just have enough by then. But are you sure? It seems so short-termed."

Elder Dwarf and I were discussing about the plans for the third room. To realize these plans, both of her knowledge and technical skills were needed.

I would make the materials using [Creation] and the Skeletons would untiringly assemble them into large amounts of explosives. Some of these explosives were to be used by the griffon's bombarding unit while some were to be placed in the third room.

"It's alright since we're only concerned about efficiently annihilating the enemy."

"Mhm. I understand. Also, it seems the traps are hard to detonate despite the window of opportunity to do so being quite short."

“It requires some strength, huh. Let the golems detonate them. It’ll sacrifice the golems but they can be replaced. Such can’t be said about you guys.”

For this war, unlike the exhibition I participated in, one wrong step and any which one of my monsters I love would die, never to come back.

All of them, Kuina, Rorono, Ancient Elf, and of course Wight, Griffon, the Mythological Foxes, the Dwarf Smiths, and the High Elves, were important companions. Companions I’ve shared laughs and smiles with. I didn’t want to lose a single one of them.

“Understood. I am pleased with master’s feelings and as a [Monster of the Covenant], I will do my best so as to not disappoint Father.”

With new found determination, she examined the once finished plans for the third floor and searched for ways to improve it.

Ever the reliable child.

At any rate, I hated the time the war would start. It was because the soonest I could make my [Creation] medal for this month was while the war was ongoing, or 10 hours after its start to be exact.

If I made the new monster to be able to grow, I wouldn’t have enough time to level it up to the point it could serve as a part of my fighting force, even despite being an S rank.

On the other hand, making it to have a fixed level was wasteful.

Whatever it might be, I had to decide as soon as possible.



While we were in the middle of work, a blue bird perched itself on my shoulder.

This bird was [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas's monster. The one she uses to send letters to me.

"I'll be there soon. Please prepare some tea as you wait."

So it said.

I wondered if she even received the letter I sent her.

For her to come so soon, she really was a good person.



Rorono had finished her work on the plan and we were chatting as we ate some sweets. But then, the outside grew noisy so I went out wondering what the cause could be.

As I stepped outside, I noticed the noisy adventurers looking up in the sky.

I looked at the sky myself and saw a gigantic Griffon approaching my house.

From the magic power I could sense to its size and color, I concluded it wasn't any ordinary Griffon but one at the top of its lineage.

When the gigantic griffon landed, a determined green-haired beautiful girl jumped off of its back and rushed her way to my direction.

Needless to say, the adventurers were dumbfounded.

Humans that could tame monsters and travel using those monsters were rare but nonetheless existed. However, for a human to tame an A rank monster such as this superior griffon, they had to be in the same class as a hero. Thus, the adventurers' surprise at her was justified.

"Here I am, Procell. Things have become really serious, haven't they?"

"Thank you for coming so soon. We've got a lot to talk about so why don't we

so inside?”

All around us were the adventurers and I didn’t want any of them to hear our conversation where words like Demon Lord and War would undoubtedly come up a lot.

“Yeah, I guess so. Is this your house? It’s quite grand, isn’t it?”

“This is the house and city I boast. This way please.”

And like so, I invited Stolas inside and into a guest room.



As I—seated in the guest room—was about to sip on the prepared black tea, Stolas voiced her many concerns.

“Procell, I’ve read your letter and knew of your [War]. And with three people, nonetheless.”

“Yes, that’s so. You’ve warned me beforehand of an alliance but I was still surprised to have three Demon Lords declare war on me.”

I had guessed as much as two but three was wholly unexpected. Moreover, I would have never fathomed it would become a war with such a disadvantageous rule.

Evidently, I was still so naïve.

“I’m glad you wrote to me. I was worried since the information about your war was transmitted to all Demon Lords, you know.”

I glanced up and kept my vision there. What she said sounded troublesome.

“Can it be that this war as well will be broadcasted?”

“It doesn’t look like it but I expect the results would be announced.”

“Okay, that’s good.”

After all, this war wasn’t one I could refrain from using my aces so exposing my hand to all the Demon Lords was something I would like to avoid if possible.

“Do you believe you can win this war?”

“Yes, I do.”

I fully believed so.

“Wow, you said that without a trace of hesitation though I guess that’s just like you. Ahem... do you want to raise your chances of winning?”

Truth be told, I’ve only written in the letter I had sent to her that I wanted to meet and talk about my present circumstances.

I intended to ask for her cooperation but I didn’t expect for her to bring it up herself.

“Wait, are you offering to help me?”

“Exactly so. At the same time as the start of the [War], any creatures within the dungeon that is not a Demon Lord or a monster will be transferred to a place where time is stopped. Conversely speaking, other Demon Lords and monsters not under the rule of a participating Demon Lord can stay within the dungeon during a [War].”

I had also found out that loophole.

Even if one couldn't directly participate in a war, they could still help out.

Furthermore, at the start of the [War], new Demon Lords and their monsters could attack one another without worry of repercussions.

However, according to that wording, older Demon Lords—Demon Lords other than the **NEW** Demon Lords—were still forbidden from harming us during the [War].

“Thank you for your offer of help. I was thinking of asking for it myself. But what kind of compensation would you like in return?”

I frankly asked her so. I intended to give her something suitable for help.

“That will be unnecessary.”

But [Wind] Demon Lord matter-of-factly replied so.

“I'm thankful for that but will it not be a problem for you to gain nothing from risking your subordinates to danger?”

It was our responsibility as Demon Lords. Seeing as we were making our monsters sweat and bleed for us, getting some kind of reward out of a task was the least we could do.

“I'm going to assist you in this war out of my own ego. I'm going to be involved not as a Demon Lord who is in command of an army of monsters but as a friend helping out a friend in need. So under such circumstances, I can't make my monsters go along with me. I will be the only one to help you this

time.”

“I’m happy to hear that but—and don’t get me wrong—but what can you alone bring to table?”

“What are you saying? Have you already forgotten about my abilities? Besides, I have my own dungeon to defend so you can say the real reason for being alone is that I can’t take too much of my fighting force from my dungeon.”

I remembered the exhibition war we participated in before.

A skill unique to Stolas, her [Wind]. And that skill was composed of many varying skills.

Standing out among those skills were...

“Are you talking about your [Omnipresence]?”

“Yes, exactly. I’m an army even by myself.”

That was no exaggeration, only a statement of fact.

“Again, I’m thankful for the help but why help me so much?”

Stolas and I were competing rivals to be the strongest among the new Demon Lords and me being defeated should have been in her best interest.

“You are my rival. For you to be defeated by anyone else is out of the question! ...Also, ahm, you’re the first friend I ever had so of course I’ll help.”

What, a tsundere!? I almost said so out loud but thankfully managed to gulp it down.

“Understood. But still, I have to repay the favor you’ll be doing; accepting charity, even from a friend, does not sit well with me. That’s it then, we’ll be dealing not as Demon Lords but as doing one another favors. First, let me welcome you to my city and provide to you the grandest accommodations possible. Furthermore, I swear to you that I will come to your aid whenever you need it.”

Upon hearing me, Stolas thinly smiled. Such a grown up expression suited her.

“You’re so stubborn. But I’m happy you said so. I’ll be looking forward to you paying me back, then. I’ll call on you if ever I got into trouble. I mean, we are friends, right? ...anyway, I’m helping you out so you absolutely can’t lose, okay?”

Stolas gleefully yet awkwardly emphasized us being friends.

I found that way of talking amusing so I smiled.

“I have one request, though. I want my monsters to push themselves for this war. It might be dangerous but now is the perfect opportunity to try and find out about their hidden potentials so I have to do it like that. So that we may focus our efforts on that end, I ask you, [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas, to stay within my crystal room and guard my crystal until the war is over.”

I declared my request.

She was to be our last line of defense. If at all possible, I would like to win without ever borrowing her strength.

Even though she was here to help me, letting her into my crystal room was still dangerous but I had enough confidence to think she would never betray

me.

“Alright. So you really plan to go all out on the three of them by yourself; as expected of my rival. That said, I won’t forgive you if you show such a pitiful performance. ”

“You can see everything going on within my dungeon if you stay at the crystal room so please evaluate my fight.”

I got help from someone unexpected.

But with this, my chances of winning went up further.

Now, all that I needed to do was to steadily hasten my preparations.

Epilogue: Eve of the War

I was alone when I exited the city head's house and looked up in the sky. The moon made the night beautiful.

The city was different tonight than what it usually was.

The peace-keeping golems that were usually scattered all over the city were nowhere to be found.

It wasn't just the golems within the city, even the golems digging 24 hours a day were relieved of their duties. All of them were now assigned to defensive duties in the dungeon.

Even though it was currently the night, the adventurers within the city were still strolling about.

Bars, brothels and other such entertainment facilities were now in abundance within Avalon. It was not uncommon for the adventurers—still having enough strength after a hard day's work—to visit these facilities one after another all night long.

Interestingly enough, upon the building of such facilities, there was an increase to my DP income which seemed as though the humans became more emotional. If it really was so, I wanted us to someday build some of these facilities and thus be able to directly influence the emotions of the human beings ourselves.

"Tomorrow's finally the day, huh."

The grace period given for the war was over right away.

Thankfully, before it ended, we were able to complete the third floor of the

dungeon proper.

Regarding the [Creation] original medal I would be able to make in the midst of war, I had decided which monster I wanted to create with it. However, if I were to make it be able to grow, I wouldn't have enough time to level up it up. On the other hand, if the monster had a static level, it would have a lower maximum level and also lower stats over-all.

Setting a hard-to-obtain S rank monster to have a static level would be wasteful.

As a solution to that dilemma, I had decided to just be prepared to synthesize at any moment. I would wait until the end of the war to create a monster that was able to level up unless we were driven into a corner, in which case the monster would have to be a static-leveled S rank monster.

"I have to win"

I uttered to no one but myself.

My chances of winning were good but my calculations were based only on the information I was able to gather; I couldn't help but feel there was some kind of trick I failed see.

"So you also make a face like that, huh, Procell."

With green hair swaying in the wind, the determined young lady appeared.

She was my friend and rival, the [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas.

She was in my city because she was willing to lend me aid. To prepare for the war tomorrow, I asked her to stay the night in the inn. She probably was feeling as I did and went out to calm herself too.

“Yeah, well, given the circumstances, anybody would be worried. There’s so much at stake for me.”

There was no use bluffing so I told her what I truly felt.

Whenever I thought of losing Kuina and everybody else, I shook in fear.

As their Demon Lord, I couldn’t allow myself to show such weakness in front of my subordinate monsters but I felt that with Stolas, I could reveal a little of that weakness.

“I’m a little relieved, actually.”

“Relieved?”

“Yes, because I thought *even Procell has a face like that*. You’re just like me; just like any other Demon Lord.”

I found her words amusing so I smiled wryly at her.

“Procell, there is no need to worry because I shall be your insurance. I’ll be your guarantee that your crystal will not be broken, no matter what. So be at ease and rampage on the enemies’ dungeons.”

“That’s reassuring but if at all possible, I would like to win without ever borrowing Stolas’s power.”

It was arranged that she would lie in wait within my crystal room and only come into action after our plan on the third room had failed. This arrangement was born out of my obstinacy and my faith on my monsters’ strength.

“I like it when you say things like that. You really are my rival.”

“I’m just doing my best not to disappoint.”

“So, care to escort me there?”

“Yes, of course.”

She had to be in the crystal room beforehand. I guided her there and with my privilege as the dungeon’s Demon Lord, left the room.

I had a lot of things that needed to be done.



The second room of the underground floor normally was the graveyard area that normally served as the residence of the Undead corps and the location of the bread and ordnance factories.

At the moment, all my monsters were lined up there.

First of all, there was the aforementioned Undead corps led by Wight. The Undead corps was composed of the Skeletons and the monsters reanimated by Wight when we fought against [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas and when he hunted in the [Crimson Cavern].

They were a large force exceeding a count of 100.

Considering their abilities as monsters, the Skeletons were awfully weak. However, by equipping the MK416, the assault rifles I made using [Creation], their offensive capabilities were improved.

Next was the Golem corps which were composed of the golems made by Rorono and the Dwarf Smiths.

At a count of 80, they were second only to the Undead corps in terms of quantity.

Worthy of mention among them were the 12 Mithril Golems.

Each of them possessed strength that would rival a B rank monster. On top of

that, they were equipped nicely for they wielded the Browling D2 Caliber .50, a beast capable of spewing out multiple rounds within a second, rounds usually used by anti-tank rifles. For a human, it was totally inconceivable to wield the heavy machinegun as though it was but an assault rifle and yet the Mithril Golems effortlessly did.

The other golems were given equipment that made best use of their overwhelming power. It was a slow but powerful corps.

And then, there was the aerial bombing corps that restlessly continued training ever since the founding of the city. This corps was led by the B rank Griffon. In addition to it, the corps was composed of mixed monsters like the D rank Hippogriff.

Their role was to drop down bombs—assembled by the Skeletons from the chemicals produced using my [Creation]—from up in the sky.

Unless our enemies had some kind of countermeasure against aerial assaults prepared, this war could very well be a one-sided onslaught.

This corps was originally formed under the assumption that they would be used against human cities but they should still shine in this war.

Finally, there was the mixed units corps. It was an ensemble of B and C rank monsters born to have static levels. They were created using the imitation medals I mass produced using the excess points from my exhibition war with Stolas. B rank monsters were what most ordinary Demon Lords synthesize and they were by no means weak.

These monsters were my main force. After them were the elite corps:

The two Mythological Foxes excelling in stealth, mobility, and even direct confrontations. They possessed the ability to control fire and to use [Transform].

The four Dwarf Smiths that look up to Rorono, the Elder Dwarf. They excelled

at supporting the army through their earth magic as well as through their work at the workshop.

The four High Elves who admired Ancient Elf as their elder sister. They had the ability to manipulate the wind as well as the ability to easily search for enemies. In conjunction with that, they could perform long-distance, high-impact shots using their anti-materiel rifles.

And, of course, the ones that I trust in most: my girls, Kuina, Rorono, and Ancient Elf.

An overwhelming army, such were my trusted monsters.

I now faced all of them as I stood atop a stage prepared beforehand.

“My beloved monsters, the time for war has finally come!”

Tension engulfed the area.

“This is unlike the war we had before, this is a true [War]. Should anyone fall, they won’t come back this time. And if we lose the war, we lose everything.”

In the war against Stolas, all of our fallen monsters were brought back by the [Time] Demon Lord’s ability. This time however, there was no fail-safe. If my crystal was broken, everyone would vanish. And even if I win, everyone that perished would never come back.

“I don’t want to lose any single one of you so don’t die. I have prepared a strategy so that that goal may be fulfilled. Fully use your powers and grab victory, those are my orders!”

I looked at each one of them and saw not dread but the determination in their eyes.

Telling them not to die probably disqualified me as a Demon Lord. Originally, a Demon Lord used monsters to lure humans in or work them hard for whatever purpose he sees fit, not to empathize with them. But such notions didn't sit well with me. The girls who I thought of as my daughters were of course important to me. But it wasn't just them, Wight whom I trusted and relied on as well as the Mythological Foxes, Dwarf Smiths, and High Elves whom I talked and laughed with many times were important to me too.

I was thankful to the bread-making Skeletons. While the Griffon made me feel safe each time I rode on its back.

Everyone gathered here was an important companion of mine.

"I will now relay to each of you our strategy to survive and win this war. You will be divided into three main groups. The first group will be composed of Kuina, Rorono, two of the High Elves, and the highly mobile monsters from the mixed corps. Kuina will head this group. The group's goal will be to destroy the crystal of the [Viscosity] Demon Lord. You will immediately launch an assault against his dungeon right from the start of the war. Once you have broken his crystal, immediately return to our dungeon and aid in its defense."

This group was very likely to succeed. Kuina and Rorono were both S rank monsters; the High Elves were excellent scouts; and the B and C rank monsters were comparable to the elites of the enemies' forces.

"Understood, Oto-san. We'll crush the small fries and return right away!"

"Yes, please do. Once you break his crystal, we will have one less enemy so how quickly you do it will be a very important factor in this war."

After the time limit for this war had expired, the victor would be decided by the number of remaining crystals.

Our enemies could win by just focusing on defense. This leaves us no other choice but to be on the offensive. And if we were doing so, we were going to do it with our strongest and fastest units.

This would also serve as part of our defense. [Viscosity] seemed weak-kneed to me so if we attacked his dungeon, he might recall the troops he sent to attack and repurpose them for his own defense. Not to mention, once the first group had broken his crystal, all of his monsters would vanish.

“As for the second group, I will lead it. Our goal will be breaking the [Evil] Demon Lord’s crystal. Joining me will be Ancient Elf, the Mythological Foxes, two of the Dwarf smiths and half of the Griffon corps. Also, I will be putting the slow moving monsters of the mixed corps into my [Storage].”

Ancient Elf would provide us with firepower and reconnaissance while the Mythological Foxes would be her back up. I was also going to take along some of the Griffon corps that could bombard the enemies from the sky while the slow-moving monsters were to be transported via my [Storage] to counter-act against their slowness.

Unless our enemies could make A rank medals, I reckoned our chances of victory were pretty high.

“Ancient Elf, you winning against the enemy’s elites is the key to our operation. I will be relying on you.”

“Leave it to me, my master. I won’t lose to anyone.”

She replied so, matter-of-factly.

It was no exaggeration either for she was a highly mobile fortress: flying swiftly in the air and shooting high-impact rounds from great distances. Even

Kuina would have a hard fight against her.

“I believe you. Show me your true might, Ancient Elf.”

I said so and smiled at her. I had decided that if she managed to defeat the enemy's elites and break his crystal, I was going to name her.

“Finally, for the third group, I think you might have already guessed but your role will be to defend the city. Wight, I will leave you in charge of everything. You will command all of the remaining monsters and defend Avalon. You will be fiercely attacked by three Demon Lords but their aces shouldn't be among those troops. I can only leave this task on you, my staff officer. Can you do it?”

Upon hearing my question, Wight respectfully nodded.

“My lord, with the Undead corps I'm proud of; the resilient golem corps; the two Dwarf smiths that would direct the golems as though the golems were their own limbs; the two High Elves that would serve as our eyes and also give us countermeasures against air units; and the rest of the griffon corps; if we had this much, defending against third rate Demon Lords will be easy. We will show you that we can repel their forces without even using the trump card you've set up on the last room.”

Geez, he's really reliable, I thought.

As he said, the forces I had prepared were more than enough but to be able to make full strategic use of it was up to the commander's ability which Wight certainly had.

I did not tell my monsters about the Stolas's participation; I did not want

them to feel too secure. All except for Wight, that is. The moment his group could no longer win with their strength alone and defeat was imminent, all of them were to retreat to the third room, make use of the contraption prepared there, and seek for Stolas's help.

This bitter decision was for Wight to make. His and his alone.

"To everyone that will stay here, upon my absence, Wight will have full authority. Treat his orders as though it was mine."

To that, my monsters nodded.

Wight shook with delight as he spoke.

"My lord, we will defend Avalon with our own strength even at the cost of our lives!"

What he said made me happy but he got something wrong.

"Wight, I am happy with your resolve but you are mistaken about something. I don't want to lose any single one of you. Win and live, that is my command!"

A win without any sacrifice.

"Yes, as my lord wills!"

With that, our strategy meeting was over so there was only one thing left for me to say:

“Let’s start the [War]. Our goal is to attain complete victory; for everyone to return and laugh again. Now, to your positions!”

My beloved monsters hurriedly began to mobilize.

Now, let’s go win this war.

This marks the end of the second volume. The light novel version of this volume will come out on 15th April. This will feature new chapters that I won’t translate (not right away, anyway) so please support the Tsukiyo Rui-sensei and purchase a copy once it comes out. I will post link once it’s out.



STATUS

Race	Ancient Elf
Rank	S
Name	(Not named)
Level	1

Physical Strength	B
Endurance	C+
Agility	A+
Magic Power	S
Luck	A+
Special	S++

Skills
Magic Eyes / Ruler of the Winds / Child of the Stars / Divine Protection / Magic Bullet Sniper



STATUS

Race

[Beast] Demon Lord

Rank

S

Name

Marchosias

Level

???

Physical Strength

S

Endurance

A

Agility

S

Magic Power

A

Luck

B

Special

A

*The stats depend on the power of her
[Monsters of the Covenant]

Skills

Beast Transformation/ Awakening/
Demon Lord Book/ Storage/
Discharge/ Synthesis/ Dungeon
Creation

Credits

Author	—	Tsukiyo Rui
Publication platfom	—	Syosetu
Publisher	—	None
Translator	—	rpgnovels
Editor	—	Avert
Book designer	—	Armaell`s Library